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THE DREAMER.

BY C. J.

He loves to watch the waves at play
Leap up the rocks with ceaseless roar,
And see their snowy, showering spray
Dissolve in pearls along the shore.

He hears the music of the skies,
The thunder's bass, the song of birds,
And vainly tries to crystallize
His soul's rich harmonies into words.

And wandering in the autumn woods,
Far from the sight of human face,
His fancy fills the solitudes
With shapes of beauty and of grace.

What boots his idle dreams to those
Who with unconquerable will
Toil from the dawn till daylight's close
To keep the world from standing still?

He smiles and says his dreaming tends
To show the beauty of design;
To shape men's lives to nobler ends,
And draw them nearer the Divine.

HIS ONLY GIFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY" "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER X.

AND often, May, when you are living in your mother's beautiful old home, I shall stand just here, and picture to myself the life within.

The old Hall lay like a picture in the moonlight, and after my long gaze I looked from it down into my darling's thoughtful face. Her eyes had not come back to mine, nor did she answer me. But I—on this spot where her mother had rescued me from selfishness and discontent so many years before—could bury here the thoughts which had been fighting me so hard that night, and could remember how I ought to have nothing more earnestly at heart than the welfare of Miss Mary's child.

"Yes, dear. Often and often I shall stand here and picture you within those old gray walls; and it will all seem so real to me, my pet, that I—I shall be almost as well off as if I were there too."

"While you will take care to stay very far away yourself, John."

May said it lightly—I think because she heard my voice faltering a little, and so wished to break the pause. But I was brave to go on now, thinking only—so much easier it was upon this spot than it could have been anywhere else—of what my darling's future ought to be—the future of Miss Mary's child.

"Dear," I said, "no one has such a right to reign in the beautiful old house as you have. But don't let the grass grow upon this little field-path. I would like it trodden then, dear, as we tread it now. I had it made for your mother, May, and—— Don't look sad to-night, my darling"—for the old sorrow was upon her face at my mention of her mother—"I—I feel sure, dear, that not only your feet coming, but my feet going, will keep it warm and neat, as we have done lately—you and I together."

There was a long pause—to me it seemed a long, long pause—and then my child questioned me gently, looking still before her, with something glistening on her lashes.

"Did you guess, John, or—or did Mr. Fortescue tell you?"

"Neither exactly, dear," I answered, as lightly as I could. "Mr. Fortescue made it too plain for me to guess; but he has not told me—yet."

I had helped her in the telling; but I could say no more just yet. So again there was a silence between us, while we still stood against the orchard gate, looking back upon the quiet moonlit Hall and park, until at last May broke the silence, just as if she only finished aloud the thought my words had given her.

"Yes, John, he asked me——"

"I know, my pet."

"You seem to know everything."

The tone was even a little unsteady in its impatience, and I saw that she would rather speak frankly to me than that I should anticipate all she had to tell. So I waited for her next words, though they were very long in coming.

"You wish me to—to go and live there, John?" she asked, with her wistful eyes upon the moonlit Hall.

But, looking down upon her so, the answer that I wished to give her would not come.

"You wish me to go soon, John? Very soon, you seem to say."

Still I could give no answer in this brief fit of cowardice, and so she raised her eyes and questioned me differently.

"Why do you hurry me, John? Why do you want me to go so soon?"

"I want you to be happy, dearest. That is all."

"And you think I shall be happier there?"

My cowardly hesitation was all gone now, and once more I had simply the welfare of my child at heart.

"If I did not think so, I could not let you go, my pet."

"You call it my home. You say I shall be happy there," May said, with a new quiet earnestness in her tone and a grave, direct glance into my eyes; "then why did you not call it my home when I was a child and homeless? Why did you not say I should be happier there, when you tried to make me happy years ago?"

"All is so different now," I answered, every word a pain to me in its utterance, as my thoughts went back to that dear time, and I knew that I had had the power to make her happy in her child-life—even I.

"Different? How?"

"What childish questioning, May!" I said, smiling a little, knowing that I could not answer her steadily in any other way.

"You gave me the life you thought best for me then, John. Why has it ceased to be the life you think best for me now?"

"My child," I answered, just a little brokenly—for what question in the world could she have asked me that would have been harder to answer?—"the home I gave you then was but for a little time. The one offered you now is for life."

"How do you know?" May inquired, with a flash of sudden petulance which was most unlike her. "My mother's old home does not belong to Ernest Fortescue. He may give it up any day. You have no more reason to suppose that that would be my home for life than you had——"

The quick, impetuous words were broken as suddenly as they were begun; and who can ever guess how grateful I was that that impatient, childish question had been left unfinished?

There was a little silence between us which I could not break, then May spoke even more gently than usual, and with a dreamy slowness.

"Yes, John, you were right. Ernest Fortescue wants me to go and live in the home my mother loved. She did love it—oh, how tenderly!"

"I know it, May."

"Yes," my child went on, in her quiet dreamy way, "you know it. Have you not often told me of it? And so lovingly she used to remember it, John, that she made me—even before I had seen it—love it too. Was it strange?"

"Strange, my darling? It was most natural." And then, in my old-fashioned, fatherly way, I put my arm around her, as we stood there, so still in the peaceful moonlight.

"Was it strange," she went on, unheeding both my question and my caress, "that in those dreary Paris rooms of ours the memory of such a home as—as hers had been, and of the life she led there, should be passing sweet to—my mother, and that I should love it too—for her sake?"

"To whatever life she might have gone, May," I said, looking down into the tender moonlit face I loved, and longing for power to brighten those sad, childish memories, "all remembrance of the life she had lived here must have been passing sweet, my pet, because her life was one of usefulness and helpfulness, and sympathy—for all."

"I could never live—even there," May said—"such a life as hers. How can I dare to take her place and be so different?"

"Leave us—leave the young Squire—to judge of that, my love," I said; and the words came now unbrokenly, even almost coldly, in the great strain I put upon myself.

"Yes; it was very dear to my mother," May went on, still in that dreamy wondering way, and still with her wistful gaze upon the beautiful home where she was wanted.

"It will be dearer still to you, my child."

"And you can spare me, John?"

The thoughtful quiet question came unexpectedly, even though I had for so long been reading how her pity for myself had saddened even her own new dreams to-night; yet I had tried hard too to hide any dreary glimpse of my own selfish pain. What a return for all she had been to me that now, in her first awakening to happy love, it should be my gloomy solitary figure which darkened the sunny picture!

"The young Squire knew that I could spare you, May. Was it not plain that he was sure of that, dear, before he won your answer?"

"My answer!" she echoed swiftly, with an entire change of tone, and even of expression, as her eyes came back from their far, rapt gaze, and flashed one frightened glance into mine. "He did not make me answer him in such haste. All men are not so impatient as you are. I—I would have answered him if he had wished it, of course. Why not? It is but natural, as you say, that I should be very glad to take my mother's place. It—it was but a silly whim of mine to wish to speak to—you first."

"Then tell me, May," I said, quite coolly to all seeming, for I saw how, in her compassion, she had wished to break this to me as gently as possible, and I could not bear her bravery to be so much greater than my own, "when Mr. Fortescue is to come for his answer."

"To-morrow, John."

To-morrow! Only one night to pass, one sleepless night, and I should know, beyond all doubt, how soon my darling was to leave me.

"To-morrow, dear?" I repeated, almost cheerily, for she was not looking now up into my troubled face. "That is well. But even to-night I fancy he knows pretty well what your answer is to be."

"You do, of course, John. You always know what is—best for me."

"And you must trust me, dear?"

"I ought to do so, John, remembering how you made my happiness all the time I was—a child."

All the time she was a child! Yes, it was the simple truth as she said it. I had made her happy while she was a child. Now she was a woman, and this was beyond my my reach. Often as I had framed this very thought to myself, the few words from her own lips had a new pain for me to-night.

"Yes, dear, the old farm life was enough for you all the while you were a child, but now you are ready to take your place among the ladies of the county, as your mother did. How glad the thought would have made her! I like to fancy it."

"Do you?" my child asked me, in a cold sad way (so impossible was it to her to hear, even yet, as an ordinary speech, any one which touched her mother's name). "Do you really like to fancy it?"

And once more—but for the last time—I was a coward in my heart, and turned my face away, and could not answer. Then in the silence there swept over me all I had heard that day—of the sorrow and the humiliation that threatened my child; of the cloud that—if we did not stay it—would come between her and the sunlight for evermore; of the cruel and degrading story which might be told her soon, to poison the purity and freshness of her nature; of the life of fraud and sin which soon must overshadow her, and leave its taint upon her, unless I, who loved her, gave her up without hesitation and delay to the man she loved. And so well I loved her that, after those few moments of silence, I was strong to do it.

"May darling, do you trust me that what my heart is set upon is for your good?"

"Yes, John," she answered simply, but so earnestly.

"Then, dear one, it seems best to me, as well as to Ernest Fortescue, that you should—should go and live in your mother's old home."

"You wish me to go?"

"Yes."

I did not try to make that answer longer. I only tried to say it as steadily and clearly as I could.

"Then I will go."

"What, May? What, my dearest?"

I could not help that eager questioning. It was not because I had not heard her answer, though it had been spoken so low, and with her head turned from me. It was only because, even now at the last, I fought feebly against the certainty that my house was to be left to me so desolate.

Slowly she raised her head and met my eyes. Some look in them—perhaps a shade of their old loneliness stealing back—filled hers with pity; and for that moment our gaze was steadfast and sad—mine with a yearning tenderness, hers with a yearning passion.

"As you wish it," she said then, very quietly; "and, as he asks me, I will go. He need not have waited for to-morrow. It is all smooth for him and—for me. I make the promise now—and here. I will go."

I read the great truthfulness within her eyes, and even in that moment of my own despair I drew her closely to my side and thanked her. I knew then how faithfully my child would keep this promise, just as I know now how faithfully she kept it.

CHAPTER XI.

THOUGH so many years have passed me since that night, I still remember most vividly how its miserable hours crept by, and how eagerly I watched for the first sign of dawn, that I might escape from the house, and perhaps from a little of the burden of my pain. Yet would the coming day be easier to bear than this restless, feverish night? Must I not pass through every hour of that new day which would seem endless to me, yet must so soon be over, and then would leave my child and me upon the eve of parting? Would not all its hours drag as these long

night hours had done; and yet would I not hold them if I could, because, after they had passed, I should know so surely the old solitude? True, my child would be with me still for a little time, but would she not be listening ever for a coming step, and looking out upon another home?

At last the dawn broke faint and chill above the eastern hills, and I rose and left the house, in the wild, vain hope of wearing out my misery by bodily fatigue. But my thoughts would not travel with me, and clung restlessly about that one selfish consciousness which made the night so long.

The day had come indeed which was to part me from my child. To-day her lover would come, and listen while she promised him to leave me at his bidding. To day she would tell me just with her old caress—ay, even with tears perhaps in pity for the grim and solitary life to which she left me—that she had kept her promise, and would very soon be Ernest Fortescue's wife.

And it was all well, so I said to myself, rapidly and determinately, as I walked on and on. Perhaps, in her kindness and her pity for me, she would have stayed a little longer in the old farm, remembering it had been her home when there had been no other open. But could I accept what in her unmeasured, childlike gratitude she would, I know, have given so willingly? Could I let her run even the faintest risk of her life being sacrificed, in my own greedy longing for her sweet, bright presence in my home? Could I—even though she would say no word in dissent—keep her one day longer than I need do, from the man whose love would give her all that I would have forfeited my life to give her? Ah me, had I not forfeited now all that was even dearer than my life?

I must have walked as rapidly as my thoughts were traveling; for when, on my return to the farm, May met me at the gate she started, I remember, when she looked into my face.

"I have been for a stroll to the woods, dear," I said, with a smile for her, as I answered one of the childish questions that always came so naturally from her—"where had I been?"

"To the woods?" she echoed, slipping her hand into mine, as we walked up the garden. "You are always very fond of the shadows, John. And"—her eyes were full of happiness this morning, and looked up laughingly into mine—"what a long stroll you must have had since four o'clock!"

She had heard me leave the house then, cautious and quiet as I had been.

"All good little girls should have been sleeping then," I said, remembering how I had fancied her sleeping calmly, wrapt in her new happiness.

"I am not a good little girl, John. I would rather have been with you."

But I was grateful that she had not been with me through those four heavy hours, even though the hours that she could spend with me had grown so few.

I remember that we breakfasted together that morning almost as cheerfully as we had ever done—so well had my solitary walk prepared for this hour. Even when I had risen to go, I lingered still, while May, as usual, hovered near me; and, when my saddled horse was brought to the door, she came out with me, her hands clasped round my arm as I loved to feel them, and just as she had seen me off every morning for ten happy years. But I sent the horse away. I must walk today, or thought would be unbearable. I turned at the last moment and spoke to May, as easily as I could, words to which I had been schooling myself all the morning.

"I suppose the young Squire will be down here quite early, May?"

"I suppose so."

Her answer was just as tranquil as my question, and her head was turned a little from me.

"But there is no fear that he will not wait for my return, dear?"

"I suppose not."

"So I need not hasten back. He will only thank me for keeping him waiting."

I said this with the feeble intention of bringing a smile to my child's pale face; but I did not wonder that I failed, for it was but a heavy speech after all, and uttered heavily. Could any words hide from her that dreary consciousness of mine that, after to-day, they two would be all in all to each other, and I one alone?

"John," May said, dropping now, in a quick, careless way, this subject which indeed we had settled between us last night at the orchard gate, "those ceaseless gales of yesterday have tired me completely; so I shall rest at home all to-day. Now good-bye."

I knew she stood watching me as I walked slowly from the house, but I could not turn to smile on her again. Things that had for so long been easy and natural to me were growing impossible, in this new, restless, envious pain against which I fought so hard and vainly.

In my rapid walk around the farm I had come into the yard. Here the men were at work on the threshing machine, and I joined them eagerly. Perhaps, if my hands were busy, my head might be eased of this continuous throbbing pain. Swift walking had not killed it; but hard manual labor might possibly give me temporary forgetfulness of the keen, mental pain.

The horses were marching steadily in their circle, for we had no threshing by steam in those days, and I took his task first from one man, then from another, following it always with double the haste and energy he had thought sufficient. And I laughed a little when I heard the men whispering how fearless the master was in managing the great engine, wondering what they would have said could they have known how far from fearless I really was that morning.

All the strength and energy that I possessed I spent upon this constant labor, trying whether thought might not be at last exhausted by sheer physical weariness. I must have been about three hours in the yard, and was still courting the labor, which must in reality already have wearied me, when I caught sight of Mr. Fortescue riding quickly up the lawn to the house. I turned my eyes away again in a moment; but then suddenly I ordered the man who was feeding the machine to hasten to the house and hold the Squire's horse, whilst I took his place myself. I don't know why I did this, for Ernest Fortescue would always most willingly and pleasantly stable his own horse when he did not see one of the men about. I suppose that it was only a spontaneous outcome of this great restlessness of mine, which sought for any physical vent.

And now my child was a promised wife; for had she not told him, with that soft, bright blush upon her face——

Wildly and ceaselessly the very words of her promise formed themselves in my brain, and all the time—in my effort to drown them—I worked on without a pause. But at last the corn was all threshed, and I called to the driver to check the horses. As he did so, I gathered up the few remaining heads of wheat, and absently, with my left hand, dropped them into the machine.

Just at that instant, far behind me, I heard my child's voice calling for me. I turned quickly to answer her—very quickly, for she should have my readiest and most loving sympathy in her joy to-day—and, as I knew she would not be likely to look for me here, I called my answer, very loudly as well as cheerily. In answer, as it were, to the sound of my raised voice, the horses made a spring forward to fall into their old routine of labor, and the powerful drum spun round and caught and crushed my arm.

I understood all this as it happened, scarcely more than momentary as it was, and I remember a strange, swift sensation, as if I saw the old farm empty, and heard my darling's sobs.

Then there fell the darkness of death upon my life.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was the warm and pleasant glow of firelight on the walls and curtains, and the pure sweet scent of autumn violets in my low, old-fashioned dressing room. There was a peaceful stillness all around me, as I lay propped upon my pillows. For, though May's low chair stood empty beside my wide old couch—as I know that it must stand through all the coming years—she has not yet left me for always. She had only a few minutes ago been summoned from my side, and presently she would return.

I was coming slowly back to life after a long fierce struggle; but I think, in my helplessness, I had gathered a better strength than that which I had lost. Not once all through my long illness, nor even through this slow convalescence, had May ever spoken of our parting, and I had waited, not in cowardice now, only to be quite sure that the envy and discontent of my thoughts were gone.

I lay watching for her return, shrinking no longer from the future—only recalling what my child had been to me through all those weeks of suffering.

"Here I am, John."

May was in her own low seat beside me once again, and she took my one uninjured hand between both of hers as she spoke.

"You haven't looked at the papers, John, or opened your book. Why are you always, always thinking when—I am not here?"

"Perhaps because it is so impossible to think while you are here. May, you remember the day when—this happened?"

Her eyes followed mine, down to my disabled hand, and then for all answer she laid her cheek upon it for one instant.

"May, that was the day that Mr. Fortescue came here for your answer to that question we had settled at the orchard gate the night before. You see how well I remember it all now, dear?"

"Yes, John. May I read to you a little?"

"And of course I knew, my darling, what your answer was, and how glad he was to hear it. I watched him come that morning. I remember how quickly he rode. I remember your telling me."

"Don't try your memory yet, John," May put in most wistfully. "Let me read."

"And after you had told me, May"—she had raised her head again now, but her eyes had not yet come back to mine—"you told the squire. You promised to be his wife."

"Yes, John. When he came that morning I promised to be his wife. Had I not said I would?"

Then there was a little silence, while I felt what a good thought this would be for me, whether I recovered, and lived through the long years without my dear companion, or whether—as I knew they thought it possible—my line should stretch only through a few months of the future. What a good thought!

Presently May broke the silence, almost more quietly than she had spoken yet.

"John, Mr. Fortescue is here, and would like to see you. May he come in?"

This was what I had been expecting, and, though I was quite prepared now to hear his happy story from his lips, I only nodded. Then she rose and went away to fetch him.

Yet, when he came, May was not with him.

For many minutes the young Squire stood talking to me, kindly and sympathetically, of my long illness; then he sat down opposite me, and spoke of little things that had occurred in the village since my absence.

"My sister's marriage is to take place next week, and in London," he said, "and we go to town to-morrow, Mr. Fearne. I was very anxious to see you before I left, to be quite sure you were really recovering."

"Shall you be many days away?" I asked him, while he still sat stooping forward, his eyes lowered now from the fire to the carpet at his feet.

"I shall not return," he answered most quietly. "I have given up my tenure of the Hall."

"After my sister's marriage I intend to leave England, and I may be away for a year—or more."

"I thought you were fond of the Hall, and—and the neighborhood, Mr. Fortescue?" I said, presently with a great effort.

"I was," he answered, rising now, and slowly pacing my room. "I have been. But that is over, and if I stayed there now I should soon grow to hate the place."

"But—when May——"

"Need we speak of her?" he asked, with a catching in his voice.

Then for the first time in my life a strange feeling came over me, of being apart from my child and from her lover—far apart from them in a quietness which could not touch them. So—a little falteringly, I fear—I told him that, as we came home from the Hall on the night before my accident, May and I had spoken together of his offer to my child, and—and she had told me that she would be his wife; we had spoken of what a happy life she would lead in the home that used to be her mother's.

"She did accept my love—next day. You would not remember, Mr. Fearne, how next morning I came down here for her answer——"

"Yes, I remember," I put in quite steadily. "Do not fear to speak to me of that day—now. My pain has almost left me. On that morning you came for my child's answer to the question you had asked her the night before. I knew quite well what her answer was to be."

"Yes, her answer then was a very happy one for me," the young man said, with quiet earnestness—"then—but then came the grief for us all in your accident."

"And in her affection and her pity for me," I put in when he paused, still trying to speak steadily of that day, "she set aside her own pleasure, and even yours, Mr. Fortescue, that, in my suffering, she might minister to mine. Heaven bless her! Can you not see, as I do, how unselfish and compassionate she has been?"

"I thought it was so first," the young Squire answered heavily; "and so I waited and hoped. But she would not let me hope. She said she feared I waited, and she would not let me wait. She would speak very truthfully, she said; and would I please to understand and forgive her? Whatever injury she had done me I must have forgive her when she so wistfully asked me, with her eyes so full of sorrow for—us all, I think."

"Mr. Fortescue," I asked—and I myself could easily detect a new tone in my voice in spite of its earnestness, a tone almost of hopelessness—"will you tell me whether May has heard anything of that letter you received from her father, or—of any motive for our hastening her—her marriage?"

"No," he answered readily. "Of course I have told her nothing. How could I hurt her so?"

"And have you heard from Major Western again?"

"More than once. He speaks of being over here very soon. What would I not give, even now, if I could keep this knowledge from May!"

Ah, what would not I have given too! Yet on me must devolve the task of telling her—and telling her now, while she was giving up so much for my sake.

It was at that very moment that the door was opened, and May came softly in to us, looking wonderfully pale and gentle in the firelight. I saw in a moment that she had come fancying I was alone again.

Instead of sitting down beside me, as she had done all through my illness—it seeming such a natural spot for her—she went up to the hearth, and stood looking down into the fire, as if she were not come to stay at all; and, as she did so, Ernest Fortescue went up and stood opposite her; and for a few moments I watched them standing there in the firelight.

"May," I said, when I felt quite sure that I could break my silence steadily, "will you listen to a few words I want to say to you before Mr. Fortescue leaves? Is there not some mistake, dear, in his coming to bid me good-bye?"

"I knew he was going away," she answered rather sadly, and without looking up. "He told me."

"Dear," I said, looking earnestly into her face, though it was not turned towards me, "I do not ask you why he goes. I know, too well, how constantly you have waited on me through my illness, and how willingly you would give up your own pleasure for that of others. I only want to tell you that there is a reason for your giving up all this sacrifice for me, and letting Ernest Fortescue claim the wife who, not very long ago, promised herself to him."

"I have told Ernest the truth," she said simply. "He understands."

"I will not force you to repeat anything you have said to me, May," he put in gently. "But perhaps it is well for you to hear from Mr. Fearne the threatening disgrace that I have—have feared to tell you."

So I told her slowly, but in few words; and then I waited, fearing to hear, though I could not see, the sorrow of my child. But I need not have feared. She heard my story to the very end, and then she rose and, leaving my side, leaned upon the end of my couch, where I could not see her face.

"Mr. Fortescue," she said, just in her own gentle, natural tones, "have you those letters which are forged in my father's name?"

"I hope it is so," replied the young Squire, eagerly seizing her idea, while he overlooked her question. "We hoped so most earnestly, but—but he has proved himself really—the writer, I mean—Major Western."

"Impossible," May answered, with quiet, proud conviction in her pausing tone. "My father died when—when my mother and I were—together. And that day Madame—I never heard her other name, but we lodged in her house—took me—while my mother slept—to the house, and I saw him. I did not know what I was going to see. I could not have gone if I had. She took me, unknowing whither I went. But I saw—my father—dead. My mother cried bitterly when she found where I had been. But I could not cry. It was too terrible. Who can he be who pretends now to be my father?"

"I will show you the letters," the young

Squire said; but I could see that it was difficult to him to believe what had become certainty in my mind while May spoke. "If this be a fraud, I will spare no pains to sift and expose it.

"No, please," my child said gently. "You have been annoyed too much already by what ought never to have been allowed to vex any one but myself. I know what a trouble I have been for many years to my own guardian; but no one indeed had any right to make me the cause of worry and anxiety to you, Mr. Fortescue."

He interrupted her eagerly; but I fancied she hardly heard what he said, while she stood waiting, so pale and still, and with such a tale of patient sadness in her clasped white hands.

"Thank you," she said, when he had finished. "It is very good of you to say these things, because I know you would not say them unless you really felt them, and it shows how kind you have always been to me. But—please forgive me for speaking just what I feel to-night—I have had no time to be prepared for—for what I have just heard—please let me do what is—what is surely my duty alone. May I have those letters soon, and I will write to the—the writer of them?"

"Who can he be?" put in young Fortescue, for the first time moving from his position on the rug, as if he felt that May had in some way made him understand that she had said all she had strength to say.

"In those long ago days," she said, a little brokenly, "my father had—a servant who was not like a servant—at least he got a certain power over my father, and led him——"

"Hush, May!" I cried, rising instantly in my great weakness, broken-hearted to hear my child speak so to us, who had no right to hear this from her brave young lips. "Hush, my child! Forget that time. Remember only how we wish to spare you now—we who love you."

For a moment she looked into my face with a terrified glance, fearing only for me; then her head fell upon my arm, as sometimes it had done in those old days when, as a little child, she had grown sad in talking to me of her mother, and the tears were as quietly shed to-night as they had been in that strange, grave sadness of her childhood—as naturally shed—there beside me, as I felt most gratefully—as if she put me willingly into the place of the mother whose loss had come back to her to-night with a new sorrow.

I don't know whether we spoke to each other through those few moments, before May raised her head again, and quietly of need her hand to Ernest Fortescue.

"It is a kind thought," she said, steadying her voice by a great effort "of yours and of my guardian's to wish to place me beyond the reach of—of even my father's authority, and I shall always remember how nobly you did it, wishing me not to know of any threatened humiliation. But it is over now, and—if I may—I will write the truth to that man, and—and ask my guardian to—to forget it all and—let me still be his adopted child, and—and not so much trouble as I have been before."

* * * * * *

Ernest Fortescue had been to bid us farewell again, as he left for town that day. May had gone from the room with him, and I lay waiting for her return. The fear that had been so intense with me before, had died now, for May had detected at once the imposition that had been practiced upon Mr. Fortescue, in hope, as we supposed, of winning money from him for silence. And now there was again no shadow upon my child's future, and, if Ernest Fortescue waited a little——

Just as my thoughts paused there, she came back to me; entering very quietly, and passing her empty chair, she moved softly about the room, I watching her in the firelight. And, when she had no more excuse for passing by my call, she came up to the head of my couch, and leaned behind me, there where I could not see her face.

"So, May," I said, as easily and naturally as I could, "the old Hall is to be vacant again—for a time. Dear," I went on presently, for she had not answered me, "when do you think the young Squire will return?"

"Never, John."

"But, May," I cried, with a failing attempt to turn and read her face, "do you forget your promise to me?"

"I kept it, John," my child said gently. "He came for my answer that morning, and I said—what I promised I would say. I did indeed."

"And why——"

"That very day, afterwards," my darling said, trying to calm me with her gentle touch upon my shoulder, "I asked him to forgive me for—not understanding—myself. And he was generous, and forgave me."

"Oh, my love—and this was because I fell into a useless, helpless nursling, and let you sacrifice your time and health and liberty! Are you to forfeit all to me, even your happiness?"

"No, John. Oh, no! I consented to go to my mother's home because you seemed so much to wish it, and said it was best for me. And I was sure you knew, because you had always done what was best for me. I never guessed how soon I should understand enough to be quite sure that, in your great kindness to me, you had mistaken. I told him this, and he was very patient with me, John."

"And you sacrificed yourself so utterly, my darling, for your old guardian's sake!"

"Hush!" my child whispered, very low and earnest. "It was no sacrifice. Don't you remember how I said to you even then, John, 'If my own home is dearer to me than my mother's, why should I change?'"

"Oh! May," I cried, "tell me in a few words, but in true words that I may understand, even while I cannot see your face, is that true? Is the old home dearer to you than your mother's?"

"Yes."

"And even Ernest Fortescue——"

"Knows," my child answered, very softly in my pause, "and has known for many weeks, that I could never love the life he offered me, as I have loved the old life here."

"And," my child went on, with a sudden change of tone, and laying her fingers softly on my forehead, as if she knew how it was throbbing with an unfamiliar pain, "I don't know how I am to keep my promise to you now, John, for my mother's home is to be empty."

"Some one else will come," I said, with a fierce grasp of my failing strength; "and, whoever he may be, he is sure to steal you from me. They all have wanted to do so. Even if the mysterious old owner comes himself, he will be sure to ask for you presently. I shall get used to it, I suppose, in time."

"It is to be hoped he will come, as I have to keep my promise," remarked my child.

"Yes, and it will be easier then, as he will own the Hall. And suppose he were as handsome as Ernest Fortescue, and as good a man, and as pleasant, and as clever, and as rich, and as young—could you resist him then if he asked you the old question? Would you accept the home that used to be your mother's?"

"Yes, I could resist him, John, then."

"You would say——"

"I should say, 'Please leave me at the farm, for I am happiest there,'" said May.

"And suppose," I went on, my heart beating with a pain in every throb, though I tried so hard to speak lightly—"never mind how silly my words sound, May—suppose when he came he dared to ask you the same question, yet was not such a one as Ernest Fortescue, was not handsome, and good, and pleasant, and clever, and rich, and young, but was even such an one as—myself?"

"He could not be."

"Scarcely," I acknowledged brokenly. "But try to suppose he were, and yet asked you to—to accept his home."

"Then I should say"—I could not see my child's eyes, but I heard the faltering of her sweet low voice—"I will come."

"I am not jesting, May," I cried. "Oh, do not jest to me in your answer! If he were such as myself?"

"I understand you, John. It is an impossible case. But, if it were possible, I should say 'I will come.' The Hall and the farm would be the same to me then."

"Oh, my darling, remember this is to be truth! With such a one as yourself?"

"With such a one," she said, and smiled a little as she came to my side and held out both her hands, "I could be happy anywhere."

"Oh, May," I cried, and drew her to me with my unmaimed hand, that she might not see the womanish tears, "think what this means, the hope that you are giving me! Tell me, could you live happily in your mother's home—with me?"

"Have I not always lived happily with you, my own dear guardian?" answered May.

"But—oh, my child, try to understand me, for this hope is so strange and strong!—could you live happily in the old home your mother loved—as my—wife?"

I think that something of the great strength and humility of my love must have been written in my face, for her eyes were lowered, and her lips trembled as I spoke. But, when she looked up to answer me, I saw a new look upon her face, and, ah me, such a warmth and tenderness in her lovely eyes!

"I don't know, John. But I could try."

"Oh, my love, my love!" I whispered. And then I could say no other word, so weak I was, and so unfitted with any words for my great gratitude.

* * * * * *

"You have talked too much this evening, John. Now let us sit quite still a little and rest."

My darling was on her own little chair beside my couch, and she leaned her cheek against it, as she sat so still in the firelight; while I held her hand in mine, and watched the bright and happy face with what nameless love and pride and gratitude!

"In a few moments, darling. It seems a dream to me yet, that you have consented to stay with me all your life. Yet you must keep that promise you made me, May, one night in the moonlight."

"Then you must tell me how."

"You must go, my love, and take your mother's place in the dear old home she loved."

"Not without you, John."

I laughed a little. It was so exactly what she used to say to me when I would try to persuade her to accept those urgent invitations that came to her from the Hall. And it was such a jest as she said it now.

"No—not without me, dear. I can never spare you to go anywhere without me now."

"So you see you will be obliged to release me from that promise, John," said May.

"Yes, dear, if you wish it. But that home that was your mother's is yours now, May. I—I bought it to give as a wedding gift to my child. I used to dream how on your wedding morning I would tell you and Ernest that the old home was yours, bought long ago with uncle Joshua's wonderful savings. I had bought it for you—such a slight return from your old guardian for the happy years you had given him! Yet now——"

"Now, John, for the first time in my life—let me confess it at last," interrupted May—"I have always been so afraid of doing so—for the first time in my life, at this moment, I love the old home just as you have always so easily taken it for granted that I should love it, while you were building my future for me."

"And while you——"

"While I," she said—and there stole into her cheeks the soft pink color that bore a different message for me now—"knew that this future could never satisfy me. Oh, John, how I should have clung to these last days with you, if I had really been going away!"

It was no dream, no jest. It was not compassion in her face. It was something that never, even through one hour of her sweet childish life, had I felt possible—something that made me look back with keen self pity for the man who had never dreamed of such an hour for himself as this, and made me——

"May, darling,"—it was but a broken whisper after all, while I lifted the bright face to mine, just as I used to do when she was such a tiny child—"you have not told me that you accept that gift of mine. If you could but know what delight it has been to me to fancy your acceptance of it—my one gift to my child!"

"Your one gift to your child, John," she said, taking my one hand, big as it was, into both of hers, as I believe she could not have done a month before, "has been what I could never put into words. But I will tell you of it sometimes, on other days. This last gift is not to be mine yet. You know when you said you intended to give it me."

"You will take it from me on—on our wedding-day, my love?"

"Yes. Not till then. To-day I have taken enough. Oh, John, what happiness is in my soul to-night!"

"Dear, if you only knew what you have given me!"

"Nothing," she whispered, with her dear truthful eyes lifted to mine. "All that you have of mine I gave you long ago—unasked."

And then I think I tried to tell her a little of what she had been to me since first I brought my little blessing into the solitary home. But she would not listen.

[THE END.]

A MEDICAL authority on the virtues of various kinds of food declares that the herring gives muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor, and is not flesh-forming.

Bric-a-Brac.

TO COUNTERACT THE SALT WATER.—Each of the larger Atlantic liners lays in a supply of about 2,500 bottles of wines and spirits, 12,000 bottles of ale and porter, and 6,000 bottles of mineral waters for one of its trips.

THE SPRING BALANCE.—Nobody yet seems to have been able to discover for certain what was the origin of that simple and widely-adopted contrivance, the spring balance. The invention, however, appears to be at least 200 years old.

BILLIARDS.—A droll match at billiards was played recently at one of the West-End clubs. One player was attired in a full suit of armour, and wore on his hands ten Berlin-wool gloves. The other wore boxing gloves. The game was one thousand up, each player giving the other nine hundred and eighty. The man with the mittens won.

COLD.—Intense cold, as is well known, burns—if we may use the term—like heat. If a "drop" of air at a temperature of 180 degrees below zero were placed upon the hand, it would have the same effect as would the same quantity of molten steel or lead. Every one who has had the care of horses ought to know the pain inflicted by placing a frosted bit in a horse's mouth. It burns like hot iron.

SPIDER SILK.—The silk of the great spider of Madagascar is used by the natives for fastening flowers on sunshades, and for other purposes. The thread is a golden color, is very strong and elastic, and a single female, at the breeding season, has spun nearly two miles of it in 27 days. The female spider may attain a length of six inches, although the male scarcely exceeds an inch.

FISH EGGS.—The eggs of various fishes differ remarkably in external appearance. Some would scarcely be held to be eggs at all. Take, for instance, the skate's egg. It looks like a flattened leather bag or purse, with four horns or handles at the corners. The yolk is the size of a walnut, larger or smaller according to the species. The yolk of the egg of the dog-fish—which is about the size of a pigeon's egg, is used in parts of Sweden as a substitute for other eggs in their domestic economy.

NO CHOICE FOR HIM.—Between the mountains of India and Persia is a powerful tribe among whom an extraordinary custom prevails. Women's rights apparently have received full recognition, for the ladies of the tribe can choose their own husbands. All a single woman has to do when she wishes to change her state is to send a servant to pin a handkerchief to the hat of the man on whom her fancy lights, and he is obliged to marry her, unless he can show he is too poor to purchase her at the price her father requires.

THROUGH ANIMALS.—A correspondent writes to say that many fires originate through animals. Mice and rats ignite matches while knawing them; and one fire was caused by a jackdaw pecking at a box of matches, and so igniting the contents. Cats have caused fires by upsetting lights, scattering red hot cinders, and in other ways; fires have occurred from carelessness in bug-hunting; by fish gloves full of water, the sun's rays have been concentrated sufficiently to ignite furniture; and birds' nest have caught sparks from neighboring chimneys, and have thus been fired.

BENGAL PITCHERS.—In the valleys of Bengal a curious means of travel is resorted to during the periodical rains. This is a raft, constructed by tying together bamboo poles, and supporting them on four or more pitchers, which are kept in place by cords. These pitchers are of earthenware, or copper, spherical in form, with short necks and funnel tops, and are in general use for drawing water from the rivers and ponds. A raft held up by four of them will carry a man, and enables him to visit his neighbors during the annual inundations of the Ganges.

MACE.—Mace is derived from massue or masse, a handy kind of weapon, made of metal, with a knob or spike at the end. It was developed by the Normans as a means of appealing to the brains of our Saxon ancestors—a purpose for which the baton, a wooden club-dom of great efficacy elsewhere, was found to be altogether too light and flimsy. Warlike prelates, according to Planche, were greatly addicted to this form of argument in preference to swords; because there was a superstition that "he that took the sword should perish by the sword."

MOONLIGHT.

BY F. C.

Queen of the "silver bow," whose pensive light
Cheereth my vigils in the lonely night,
Stilling the rebel thoughts that fain would flee
The wretched bondage Fate hath chained to me,
Calmly sallest thou on! Dost thou not know
My heart is breaking as my tear drops flow?
I stretch my hands, but, ah, I cannot see
My way—there is no cheering light for me!
Would all my woes had passed from earth's control,
My hands clasped in long sleep, that my freed soul
Might stretch away, impatient to be free,
To learn, to know, why all this misery!
Sweet moon, shine on me, kneeling by my pane.
"Shall not His gracious hand raise thee again?"
Strong in the thought, I humbly bow my head—
"According to thy faith," our God hath said.

LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE sprang to her feet, and threw her arms above her head, with a gesture of infinite despair.

He got up and followed her.

"Be sensible, Felicia. I love you. I tell you I love you; one husband is as good as another after a time. I'll make you as good a one as Bernard Yorke. You can't marry him. I can render it, and will render it, impossible. I swear that if you refuse me I will go straight from this house to him."

She drew away from him with a gesture of hate and loathing.

In stepping back her foot struck against something. It was the inlaid revolver. She stooped and snatched it up, and in a frenzy of despair pointed it at him.

"Keep away! Do not touch me!" she panted.

He laughed.

"My dear Felicia, be calm! Look at the matter seriously, quietly." His tone and manner changed suddenly. "Put that thing down! Do you think you can escape me? You know you can't. I've laid my plans too carefully. Put that thing down—give it to me!"

He took a step forward as he spoke, and raised his hand. She drew back, the revolver still covering him.

"Tut!" he exclaimed with a laugh, "the thing's useless, unloaded. Besides, this is melodrama, if you like, and unworthy of you. Be sensible, Felicia. You have lost Bernard Yorke for ever."

As he spoke he made a dash at her.

She pulled the trigger; there was a report, a flock of smoke. Lord Stoyle's hand went to his heart, and he staggered backward and sank on the settee.

"My God!" he said, quietly, very quietly. "You—have—killed me."

She stood with the revolver in her hand, looking down at him. Her face was white, her nostrils pinched together, her lips compressed. It was the tigress, after the spring, looking down upon her victim.

His head sank lower, his fingers clutched spasmodically at his chest.

"Yes," he gasped, painfully. "You have killed me!"

A step was heard outside the room. She dropped the revolver from her hand, but stood motionless, her face looking over her shoulder at the door.

He rose, staggered towards her, and picked up the revolver. As he raised it she turned her eyes upon him. There was no sign of fear in them, only a dull kind of stupor.

He raised the revolver, and actually pointed it at her; then, as his eyes met hers, his own faltered, his hand wavered and fell to his side, and, still holding the weapon, he sank slowly in a heap at her feet.

CHAPTER XL.

NANCE came down to breakfast, the morning after the concert, looking pale and weary, to find Lady Dockitt in the seventh heaven of delight and triumph.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, kissing Nance with even more than her usual affection. "It is in the Morning Post, and our names are in the list of guests; and here is this week's Society Censor, with a paragraph, and quite a long one, about 'Miss Christine Harwood.' It is headed 'The Coming Queen.' How quick these newspapers are, are they not? It is really absurd! But they are quite right. Of course, I don't pretend to be one of the ultra fashionable, but I know enough of the ways of society to feel certain that you are going to be a celebrity. If I were not afraid of making you vain, I should say that I was not surprised."

Nance took the Censor and glanced at the paragraph, and her pale face crimsoned. She, Nance Grey, with "the Myrtle Cottage episode" in her life, a celebrity or "coming queen!" It seemed the bitterest mockery of her aching heart.

"You look tired this morning, my dear," said Lady Dockitt, eyeing her with the kind of expression with which a theatrical manager might scan the countenance of a great star upon whom his fortune depended. "You are not accustomed to late hours and excitement, but you will soon get used to them. Depend upon it, we shall have plenty of calls and innumerable invitations. Well," and she sighed with infinite content and satisfaction, "it is only your due. I felt that you only wanted the opportunity to come to the front. What a triumph it was!"

And she smiled, her kindly eyes fixed vacantly, as she recalled the crowd of courtiers who gathered round the new star—her star, her Christine.

Nance listened in silence, with the old "reserve" to which Lady Dockitt had grown accustomed. What indeed could she say, unless she threw herself at the old lady's knees and told her all! She felt like a rudderless barque drifting on the sea, which at any moment might rise before a storm-wind which must destroy her. As she sat at the luxuriously appointed table, in the beautiful room, she longed to be back alone and hidden away in the little house at Elen-row; longed to be anywhere, anywhere out of the world.

And all the while Lady Dockitt talked Nance heard Bernard's voice as she had heard it last night—the voice of the man she loved and had lost for ever. And as she realized his words, his stern, fierce accusation that she had fled from him, she asked herself what it could mean.

"I think we had better go and get some things, my dear," Lady Dockitt said. "Of course, if you had not been going out any more than we anticipated, the dresses you have would have done; but after last night—" she paused significantly. "They have some beautiful colors in half-mourning, and light mauves and heliotropes suit you. How well you looked last night! Lord St. John said that he heard the Dowager Duchess of Cromhrillants say that she considered you one of the best-dressed women in the room, and her Grace's dictum is law."

Nance felt that she could not go out driving from shop to shop, and gazing at dress materials and millinery, and she pleaded headache.

"You go and choose for me," she said, in a low, listless voice. "I shall like anything you buy."

"You always do; that is the worst of it!" said Lady Dockitt. "But you are quite right to rest. I will not be longer than I can help."

When she had started Nance went back to her own room, and throwing herself on the bed, covered her eyes with her hand. Felicia Damerel, if she had not already recognized her, would do so. She would draw inferences, guess at the connection between her and Bernard Yorke, and publish her sad, shameful story to the world. What would she do—whither should she fly? Ah, if she could but escape—escape from her newly acquired wealth and coming "greatness;" if she could but fly!

The morning passed. The maid brought up a note. It was just a folded sheet of paper from Lady Dockitt, saying that she had gone to lunch with an old friend, and that she hoped that her dear Christine would not be lonely. Lonely, with the thoughts that thronged her brain, the emotions that racked her heart!"

She hid her face again, and tried to sleep—she had not slept all through the night—and she was falling into a troubled doze when the maid knocked at the door.

"A gentleman is in the drawing-room, miss," she said.

"I will come down," she said almost inaudibly.

She bathed her face—she could not remove its pallor—then went down.

He was standing by the window, eagerly waiting for her, and they stood and looked at each other in silence for a moment. His eyes were almost stern from the effort he was making at self control; hers were sad with a despair that was yet wistful and forgiving.

He did not offer to take her hand, but stood grasping the back of a chair. He was the first to speak, and his voice was as stern as his eyes, and from the same cause.

"Nance," he said, and then he paused, for with the name, the dear name, all his love for her welled up from his breast and nearly made him incapable of speech.

"Nance, I have come to you—you know that I should come!"

Her lips formed a "Yes," though no word was audible.

"I have come to you to make a last appeal. Last night I spoke harshly to you—I charged you with deserting me. God and you know whether the charge was just! You threw it back at me; you charged me with treachery towards you! Did you not?"

She did not speak, but stood before him in silence.

"I told you then, last night, that I was innocent; that I was lying ill, unconscious for weeks; that when I got my senses I telegraphed to you; that when I recovered sufficiently to be able to get out I hastened to Long Ditton."

She did not start, but for a moment a slight color rose to her face, a light to her eyes; they faded, and she sighed.

The sigh tortured him, but he restrained himself.

"Merciful heaven! Don't you believe me? Do you think I am lying to you? I tell you I went to Long Ditton, to Myrtle Cottage, and found that you had disappeared. I sought for you"—he paused and made a gesture with his hand—"I sought for you until I learned that you had left me of your own accord, that you were happy, and trying to forget me. Though I did not know that you had got Rainford Hall, that you were a great heiress, I knew that you were rich, and I—I thought—how could I think otherwise?—that you had found new friends, and deserted me!"

She would not utter a word of denial, though he waited, his eyes, "keen with love's hunger," fixed on his face.

"I accepted my fate. I tried to forget you; I failed. I have never forgotten you; I have never ceased to think of you, to long for you; but I did not know how dearly I loved you until I met you again last night." He paused and gripped the chair tighter. "And I have come to tell you this, Nance, to tell you that I—" he drew a long breath, and his haggard face flamed—"I claim you!"

She started. His words rang in her heart. They were the words of her master, her lord. Heaven only knows what it cost her to keep herself from falling into his arms and hiding her head on its old pillow—his heart!

"I claim you!" he said hoarsely. "I do not care whether you deserted me or not, I care for nothing. I claim you! You are my wife! Come to me, Nance!"

He strode towards her, his arms outstretched. She shrank back, though her heart was tugging her towards him, and he fell on one knee, and caught at her arm. "Don't shrink from me, Nance; you cannot, you dare not! Don't tell me that you have ceased to love me, that you have forgotten me! Oh, Nance, my Nance, I cannot look in your face and believe that! My own, pure, good Nance! Speak to me, dearest, speak to me! See, I have come back! I will take all the blame if you like! I will never say, think again of what I said last night. All shall be forgotten and forgiven! I forgive you, Nance, all the pain and anguish and sorrow of these awful months—I forgive it all; only come back to me! Only give me back your love—the love that once was mine—the love without which I cannot live! See, Nance, I forgive."

It was a fatal word! If he had stopped a sentence or two back she would have been in his arms. But with all her humility, her sweet unselfishness, Nance was human and—a woman.

"Forgive!" she breathed; "forgive! Oh, Cyril, may God forgive you! Do you forget, do you think I can forget, that—that you are not free, that you are the promised husband of another woman?"

He still grasped her arm.

"No," he said fiercely. "Not now that you have come back to me?"

"I have not come back. There is a gulf between us. You—you, not I, dug it! In honor——"

"Honor!" he rose and laughed fiercely. "Honor! What do I care? I care for nothing but you. Do you hear, Nance?"

She turned from him—turned away lest he should see the love shining in her eyes, the signs of yielding in her face.

"I cannot forget," she said, and from the very depth of her emotion her voice sounded cold and hard. Cold and cruel, while her heart was yearning for him, and prompting her to throw herself in his arms!

Like a man, he misinterpreted her manner—her voice.

His face went white, his lips worked.

"You refuse?" he said, almost inaudibly. "Nance, you—you do not love me! I can almost believe that you never loved me!" A pause. He stood with clenched hands, regarding her averted face sternly. "I see. Yes, I have been blind; but I see now. It is I who was forgetting that I am—just Bernard Yorke, ruined, penniless; while you are no longer Nance Grey, but Christine Harwood, the heiress! Forgive me!" His voice was hoarse and stern. "I forgot that others might have a better right to speak words of love to you than I, Lord St. John Lisle, for instance."

He was mad, mad with baulked love and insane jealousy, and when a man has these two surging in his brain and heart he does not stop to consider his words. "Yes, I had forgotten! I—I beg your pardon. Times—circumstances—have changed. Forgive me for troubling you."

She sank on to the sofa, and buried her face in her hands, saying not a word in her own defence. He looked at her in silence for a moment or two, then he said in a gentle tone—

"I have been a brute. It did not occur to me that you had really changed, that you had—had forgotten me. Forgive me, I am going now. I shall trouble you no more. From this hour I—I surrender all claim to you. I will forget that you have ever been anything but Miss Christine Harwood—forget that I have ever met you—until last night. Good-bye, Nance!"

She did not speak; her head hung lower. He went towards her, like a man walking in a dream, and stooping, touched her hair with his lips. "Good-bye!"

She started to her feet, her arms outstretched, his name upon her lips; but even as she waited it out she heard the hall door close behind him.

Bernard stood in the street for a moment, gazing round him like a man dazed. Then he strode on mechanically.

He had found Nance, and lost her again for ever. But though he had lost her, he loved her still, and he would not marry Felicia Damerel.

This was the only clear thought, decision, that emerged from the tangle in his brain. He would go to her and ask for his freedom, and then—well, it did not matter what became of him.

Life without Nance he knew—now that he had seen her again—was vain and useless. He would leave England, become a wanderer on the face of the earth. It did not matter where he went, what he did. Life was over with him.

He strode along, the pale face—lovelier in his eyes than when he first saw it—flashing before him, until he reached Felicia Damerel's.

The butler opened the door to him and smiled the respectful smile of welcome which the "service" allots the favored visitor.

"Yes, sir, Miss Damerel's in. She's in the drawing-room."

"Very well. I will go to her," Bernard said, and the butler let him go unannounced.

It was his footsteps Felicia heard.

He stood, with the handle of the door in his hand, trying to collect himself, to gain composure. How should he tell what he had come to tell? He knew that she loved him, even as he loved Nance! How should he tell her? But it had to be told. He could not marry Felicia Damerel now—now that he had seen Nance again.

He opened the door. Felicia stood in the middle of the room, gazing down at Lord Stoyle, lying at her feet. She scarcely turned her eyes, and even when she did it was only for a moment, and then they returned to the prone figure.

Bernard remained stock still for a moment paralized by the scene; then he sprang forward and knelt by the wounded man.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "What is it! What has happened!"

Lord Stoyle opened his eyes and glared up at him as through a mist.

"Bernard Yorke," he said feebly, "you—you have come just in time. Lift—lift me up!"

CHAPTER XLI.

BERNARD raised Lord Stoyle as the butler and footman, alarmed by Bernard's cry, streamed into the room. In an instant everything was confusion and excitement.

"Send for a doctor—the nearest," said Bernard to the butler, as he carried the wounded man upstairs, and laid him on a [illegible].

Felicia followed and stood, as she had

stood downstairs in the drawing room, as if only half aware of what was taking place.

Lord Stoyle was still conscious; but he lay with closed eyes, and without speaking.

"How did it happen!" Bernard asked Felicia, as he gently removed Stoyle's coat.

Before she could answer Lord Stoyle opened his eyes.

"Say nothing," he said. She turned away to the window, and Bernard, looking from one to the other, held his peace.

The doctor came hurrying in. Felicia stole from the room. He and Bernard got Stoyle undressed, and the doctor examined the wound. It seemed very small and unimportant, and Bernard remarked almost cheerfully—

"Nothing very much amiss, is there?"

But his cheerfulness fled as he saw the expression in the doctor's face.

Lord Stoyle must have seen it also, for he said in a low voice, and with a cynical smile—

"I am a dead man, I suppose, doctor? You needn't trouble to lie; I can feel it."

"Better send for his people," said the doctor, gravely.

Lord Stoyle smiled again.

"No, thanks. There is only my brother, and—and he hates scenes of this kind. Let me alone. You can't do anything, I know that. Give me a drink, and—and leave me with Mr. Yorke, doctor."

The doctor gave him some water and raised the pillows; then went out, wondering whether he ought not to send for the police. Bernard followed him into the lobby.

"Can anything be done? Is he really—?" he asked.

The doctor nodded gravely.

"Nothing whatever. He has about three hours. It is a small wound, but in a bad place. There is internal bleeding. How was it done? I will wait downstairs. Send for me if there is a change."

Bernard returned to the room. Lord Stoyle opened his eyes and looked at him vacantly for a moment.

"How long have I got, Yorke?" he asked, and his voice was already much weaker.

Bernard felt that concealment of the truth was useless and worse.

"Not long. I am afraid, Stoyle," he said gravely, "I am sorry to say."

All his dislike of the man vanished, dispelled by the coming hand of Death, which wipes out all scores.

"You're sorry?" said Stoyle. He was silent a moment. "You are sorry—you? You are a better man than I am, Yorke; if you lay here instead of me I should be glad."

"I don't believe it," said Bernard. "You make yourself out worse than you are, Stoyle. How did it happen?" he added anxiously.

Stoyle looked him full in the eyes.

"I'll tell you the truth, anyhow," he said in a labored voice. "She shot me."

"My God!" exclaimed Bernard hoarsely.

Stoyle smiled.

"It was plucky of her, and—I deserved it. I—I drove her too hard. I thought I had got her at last; but," with a touch of his old cynicism, "she got me. Is she in the room? My sight is failing, I think. Send for her; I want to speak to her."

Bernard went outside. Felicia was standing at the head of the stairs, her hands clasped on the rail, her head erect, the same vacant look in her eyes.

She followed him into the room, and stood beside the bed. There was no remorse in the eyes with which she gazed at the dying man—nothing but a dull and sullen stupor.

"You—you aimed straight, Felicia," he said, painfully. It was my fault. I might have known you were one not to be driven. Yes, it was my fault. I—I forgive you."

He held out his hand. She touched it with her fingers, and, as if repelled by her coldness, he turned his eyes away and sighed.

There was a silence of a minute or two, then he looked up.

"Dying!" he said, "and an hour ago I was looking forward to a long life and a happy one. What fools we are! And you're sorry, Yorke? I wonder whether you would still be if you knew—if you knew how I helped her to ruin your happiness?"

Bernard started.

"What—what do you mean?" he asked. "But you'd better not talk, Stoyle," he added reluctantly, doing his duty by the wounded man.

Stoyle smiled.

"Why not? If I were to keep as dumb as an oyster it wouldn't help me. Yes, I've got to tell you," he went on half grudgingly. "I don't go in for religion; but I don't care to go off with this business of yours and the girl's on my mind."

He turned his eyes on Felicia.

"I must tell him, unless you'd rather. Which shall it be?"

She did not answer, and with a sigh he turned to Bernard.

"Yorke, she and I have played the deuce between you and Nance Grey—Miss Harwood. I did it out of revenge, and because I wanted her." He glanced at Felicia. "And she because—well, you can guess her motive. It was because I threatened to split that she—she——"

He pointed to the wound on his breast.

"What—what is this you have done?" Bernard demanded in a low voice.

"Get me a piece of paper," said Stoyle after a pause.

Bernard found an old letter in his pocket and tore a blank sheet off.

"Write—just—just as I tell you," said Stoyle. "Ready? I, Frederick Augustus Stoyle, knowing that I am dying, state that I was shot by Felicia Damerel, with whom I had quarrelled. Give me the paper. Hold me up. Where is the pencil? I can't see it."

Bernard mechanically placed it in his hand, and Stoyle scrawled his name at the end of the short and terrible sentences. Felicia made no sign.

Bernard looked from one to the other.

"Stoyle," he said hoarsely, I shall destroy this paper. I cannot keep it! I shall destroy it. It—it means——"

"I—know what it means. You will keep it unless you are a fool," said Stoyle cynically. "You—you and your wife will want it. Don't you see? You never had much brain, Yorke. While you have that paper, she," he waved his hand faintly towards Felicia, "must hold her tongue about—about Myrtle Cottage."

Bernard gripped the paper in his hand for a moment, looking straight before him, then he tore it into fragments and let them fall on the bed.

Felicia raised her eyes and looked at him, with a strange intent look, then she fell on her knees beside the bed, and hid her face.

Stoyle smiled grimly.

"As you—please!" he said. "It is your look out, not mine. I've done my duty nearly." There was a pause. "Send—send for her. Tell her to come at once, or—or it will be too late."

"For her!" asked Bernard.

The dying man regarded him almost pityingly, "For Miss Grey—Harwood," he said, and he closed his eyes.

Bernard wrote on the back of a card—

"Come with the bearer at once," and dispatched a servant in a hansom, then he went back to the bedside, and sat and waited.

The door opened and Nance entered. She was very pale, and her eyes were red. She was trembling, for the footman had told her what he knew of the tragedy.

Lord Stoyle opened his eyes, and signed to her to come nearer.

"How—how do you do, Miss Grey?" he said, "I'm sorry to trouble you; I'm about the last person you expected to be sent to see, I daresay; but—you see—I happen to be dying."

Nance Grey drew nearer, and bent over him. All the resentment fled from her heart as it had fled from Bernard's.

"Dying!" she murmured pityingly. He looked at her as if surprised by her gentle commiseration.

"Yes. You're sorry, too! You're like Yorke. Yes, I've met with an accident." He looked at the bowed head on the other side of the bed.

"Miss Damerel and I were inspecting some of her curios and bric-a-brac; there was a small revolver among 'em, and—and, in showing her how to use it, I shot myself. You see, we neither of us had the least idea it was loaded."

"Oh, I am sorry, sorry!" murmured Nance.

"It is very good of you," he panted with the old drawl. "But I—I shouldn't have troubled you to come to say that—though I like to hear it." There was a pause during which he was evidently fighting hard for breath and strength. "Miss Grey—excuse my abruptness, I've not got too much time, and I want to go off wherever I'm going with a tolerably clear conscience in one matter, at any rate. Just—just tell Mr. Yorke why—why you left Myrtle Cottage, and disappeared."

Nance started and shrank lightly, and looked from the dying man to Bernard.

"Do as he tells you, Nance," Bernard said in a low voice.

Nance looked at the motionless figure kneeling beside the bed.

"Because—because—oh, must I speak before her?"

"Yes, and quickly," said Lord Stoyle, "or—it will be too late. You wish her to speak, Felicia."

Though no movement came from the still figure, they all felt that her silence was consent.

Then Nance spoke. In a few words she told them of Felicia's visit to the cottage, and all that had taken place.

"Good heavens!" said Bernard, in a broken voice, yet with the undertone of hope and relief in it, "I see it all! Oh, Nance, Nance, it was not true! I was lying unconscious then, and for days afterwards! I was not engaged to marry her; I did not give her the photograph. It was taken from my room; I missed it afterwards. Nance, Nance!"

She did not see it, realize it for a moment; then, with a faint cry, she put her hand in his.

And, as they stood looking at each other, the mist of misunderstanding, of doubt and despair, faded away for ever.

Lord Stoyle watched them with a gaunt, cynical smile.

"All right?" he said, pantingly. "All cleared up? And you are going to be happy, you two? And I shall be dead in a few hours!" He sighed; then, after a moment or two of struggling for breath, he went on—"No one knows of Myrtle Cottage and Long Ditton but us four. I shan't split, for the best of all reasons"—he smiled—"and she"—he glanced at Felicia—"I don't think she will. Yorke could have made her silence certain if he'd kept a little paper I signed just now, but he tore it up. Well, it was his look out. I should not have done it, but he's a better man than I am. Perhaps," with that sudden insight which comes to the dying sometimes, "perhaps that's why you both love him, and she—she hated me! Yes; you are all safe, Miss Grey. She won't peach—will you, Felicia?"

She made no sign. It might have been she rather than he who was dying.

"Felicia, you—you owe me one for this." He touched his breast again. "Mind, I forgive you, without any conditions or drawback; but—but if you think I've any claim upon you, keep their secret."

A shudder ran through the bent figure; there was a silence, an intense silence for a time. Nance and Bernard stood close beside the bed, and hand in hand.

Presently Lord Stoyle opened his eyes again. It was plain from the expression that he was no one, that darkness cast by the Shadow of Death had fallen upon him.

"Felicia!" he said.

Bernard went round to her.

"Speak to him," he said, not sternly, but with pity and forgiveness in his voice. "Speak to him, if only one word. Remember all that he has forgiven!"

She raised her head, and looked at the dying man.

He put out his hand.

"Touch my hand once, once in kindness, Felicia," he said almost inaudibly. "I've been a bad lot, I know, but I loved you as well—as well as a better man could do."

She laid her hand in his. It was as cold as his own.

He sighed.

"Good-bye! Remember—your—promise."

The doctor and Bulford came in.

At the sound of their footsteps, Stoyle motioned to Bernard to raise him.

"It—it was an accident," he gasped, "an accident. I—I was showing the revolver to—to Miss Damerel and—and shot myself. It was in my hand when—when I fell. Ask Yorke. She—she is innocent. Mind, innocent! I—I did it. An acci——"

His voice failed. There was a choking sob, and all was over.

No man is wholly bad. There is some spark of good in us all, the least worthy, and the spark had sprung up and burned brightly within the heart of Lord Stoyle during the last few hours of his useless and ill-spent life.

Few better men could have died more bravely.

CHAPTER XLII.

NEARLY six years later there was a dinner party at Rainford Hall. It was a particularly happy, not to say jovial and merry party, perhaps because it was not a large one, and had very little formality about it.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Bernard Yorke was rather famous for her dinner parties, and people when they were invited did not, as is usual, "begin to make excuse"—indeed, an invitation to any of the Rainford Hall festivities were much sought after, and rarely refused.

At this dinner were the Earl and Countess of Lisle and Lord St. John, a neighboring baronet and his wife, the rector, Lady Docklitt, and Mr. Graham. Sir Terence, who could scarcely be regarded as a guest, seeing that he always lived with his daughter-in-law, was there, looking ridiculously young, and quite as happy as he had ever done in life, and Lady Grandison, who was on a visit to her very dear friend, Mrs. Bernard Yorke.

At the head of the table sat the hostess. Nance had been married six years, but there was very little change in her—indeed, that evening, as she sat opposite her husband, Bernard, with the light of the wax candles falling softly on her face, she looked lovelier, even younger, than she had done on the night of Lady Grandison's concert.

Happiness is the true elixir of life, and goodness is the most effective beautifier. When the world gets to understand this simple fact, and to act up to it, what a marvellous change for the better there will be all around!

Nance was happier now; had been happy ever since the day Lord Stoyle's dying words had dispelled the clouds which had fallen over her life, and broken down the barrier which had grown up between her and Bernard; and her happiness shone in her eyes, spoke eloquently in the tones of her voice, and made itself felt in countless acts of loving kindness to all around her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MADE A MINISTER THROUGH HAVING SNEEZED.—In "Secrets from Spain," the writer tells how Ministers were sometimes made under the regime of Queen Isabella of Spain.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance is that of a man who was made Minister for sneezing. The story is as follows:

Monsieur X had gone one day to pay a casual visit to one of his friends. To his surprise, he found his friend very much occupied.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I am very busy to day. But, if you have nothing to do, come along with me."

"Where are you going?"

"I have been summoned to the palace."

They set off together. At the palace, one was conducted to the presence of the Queen, whilst the other waited in the ante-room.

There was a lengthy sitting in the Queen's cabinet, a new Ministry being in course of formation. It was very cold and draughty in the ante-room, and the man who was waiting began to grow very impatient, as he felt a cold in the head coming on.

"Whom shall we appoint to the Exchequer? Whom to the Fomento? Whom to the War Department?" asked the Queen.

Gradually, after much discussion, the Ministry was built up, bit by bit. There was now only the Colonial Minister to be appointed.

"I must have a Colonial Minister!" said the Queen.

"Whom shall we appoint Colonial?"

No one could be thought of. All at once a loud sneeze was heard in the ante-room.

"Who is that sneezing in the ante-room?" asked the Queen.

"Monsieur X."

"Monsieur X.! The very man! The very man for the Colonial Minister! Tell Monsieur X. to come in."

That is how Monsieur X. became Colonial Minister—for having sneezed.

EXCESS OF FAT.—The following is offered as a diet for excess of fat. The patient may eat lean mutton and beef, veal, lamb, tongue, sweetbread, soups not thickened, beef tea and broths, poultry, game, fish, cheese, eggs, bread in moderation, greens, spinach, watercress, mustard and cress, lettuce, asparagus, celery, radishes, French beans, green peas, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, onions, broccoli, sea kale, jellies flavored but not sweetened, fresh fruit in moderation without sugar or cream, pickles. May not eat fat bacon and ham, fat of meat, butter, cream, sugar, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, beetroot, rice, arrowroot, sago, tapioca, macaroni, vermicelli, semolina, custard, pastry and puddings of all kinds, sweet cakes. May drink tea, coffee, cocoa from skim milk but without cream or sugar, dry wines of any kind in moderation, brandy, whiskey, or gin in moderation without sugar, light bitter beer, Apollinaris water, soda-water seltzer water. May not drink milk except sparingly, porter and stout, sweet ales, sweet wines. As a rule, alcoholic liquors should be taken very sparingly and never without food.

HAPPINESS is more frequently grown at our own firesides, than picked up in strangers' gardens.

JUST TO PASS THE TIME.

BY M. E. S.

We talked to meet in summer weather—
  Just to pass the time,
We roamed the heathclad hills together—
  Just to pass the time.
And, when the summer flowers were dying,
And swallows all were southward flying,
Each day we met—we were but trying
  Just to pass the time.

And now we meet in winter chilly—
  Just to pass the time—
And ride o'er moor or upland hilly—
  Just to pass the time—
You seem the happiest when I'm nearest;
I lift your eyes, the bluest, clearest—
Is it only—tell me, dearest—
  Just to pass the time?

A Proof of It.

BY E. T. W.

"BUT what do you want to do?" demanded the General, angrily. "What is the good of that to a pauper? I ask you that, Matilda, and you can't answer me. If you could give the girl a thousand—something that could be invested and give her a fraction of an income—it would be all very well. But what in the name of fortune is the use of staving off the workhouse for two or three weeks with a doll or a little money?"

"My dear William, you have totally missed the mark," replied his interlocutrix, calmly. "There is no talk of money, for Theodora wouldn't accept money; nor of the workhouse, for she would sooner take service as a kitchen-maid than think of such a thing. But the poor child is in great grief, and even if she had the heart to walk from her father's grave into a governess's situation, it wouldn't be decent. All I want is to see her in a place of shelter till she is a little more fitted to cope with the world."

"And may I ask what asylum is going to have the honor of receiving Miss Brakespear?" asked the General.

He was a tall, spare man; his face was like a lion's face, and he had the qualities which are usually supposed to belong to lions. He was brave to audacity, and on occasion could be generous to a fault; but he was narrow-minded, and prone to irritable. His sister was tall and spare too, but there her likeness to her brother ceased. For she possessed nothing of his impetuosity and cross temper, none of his prejudices and limitations.

It was a question in the neighborhood whether the General's bluster governed Miss de Laury, or whether Miss de Laury's composure and little shafts of satire governed the General. But the General's son, Arthur, and the servants knew, and they consequently possessed their happy souls in peace.

Miss de Laury did not immediately answer the General's question, and he therefore grumbled on.

"I never liked Brakespear," he said. "It was he who ruined Arthur's career, and I've never forgiven him, and I never shall. A fool and a maniac! What did he mean by poking his head into a disease that no man understands?"

"It is very much to be regretted that Dr Brakespear died before his researches were complete," replied Miss de Laury. "If he had discovered how to prevent cancer, he would have been one of the world's greatest benefactors."

"Humph! A man has no business to set up for a public benefactor when he has burdened himself with a private family. What did the fellow mean by leaving his orphan on the parish? He was not only a fool but a madman—he was a scoundrel!" cried the General.

"Theodora is not on the parish," observed Miss de Laury. "She has $200."

"$200!" exclaimed the General. "How can any woman live on the interest of that? I tell you, the man was a scoundrel."

"I certainly could not live on the interest of $200 nor can Theodora," said Miss de Laury. "But luckily she is young, and when her first sorrow is past she will be able to work. Besides, there are other possibilities."

"I know; you refer to Arthur. Once for all, Matilda let me assure you that if Arthur is ever ass enough to marry Miss Brakespear, I cut him out of my will. Isn't it enough that the father has turned my own boy into a medical man? He shall never marry the girl."

"Arthur is enthusiastically fond of his profession, William."

"Exactly. He is going to follow in Brakespear's footsteps and ruin himself in research. But I'll put my foot down upon it at once. Brakespear's influence was pernicious enough. He shall never marry Brakespear's daughter. Do you hear?"

"I hear. But I can't promise that Arthur will heed. Young men usually go their own way."

"Do you mean to imply that Arthur is seriously attached to Miss Brakespear?"

"Very seriously, I believe."

"Matilda, do you mean to insinuate that they are engaged?"

"Not at all. Arthur would do nothing dishonorable; and it would hardly be honorable of him to propose to a girl before he had finished his education."

"But you imply that he means to propose to her as soon as he is settled in life?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then they may both go to the devil!" cried the General.

"I don't think there will be any need," said Miss de Laury. "Arthur will have his mother's money when he is five-and-twenty, and you cannot rescind your promise of buying him a practice. They will be poor, but poor people are often very happy."

The General sank down in a chair with a groan. His arms hung down; his legs fell apart; there was an air of defeat about his melancholy face and about his long limbs, that seemed unable to bear their own weight.

Miss de Laury went on knitting.

"Tea will be here in a minute," she said, as if tea were her only thought.

"It's so maddening to see one's son throw himself away—one's only son," said the poor General, pathetically. "Why couldn't he have taken a fancy to Jessie Thurton? A bright, pretty, piquante creature like that. One would think a young man would jump at such a girl!"

"Yes; the vagaries of love are very strange," said Miss de Laury.

"I can't think how he ever looked at that girl of Brakespear's?"

"She is pretty, William."

"Pretty! She is the most awkward woman I ever saw."

"You make her nervous; you stare at her and glare at her, and ask her abrupt questions; and she is shy and sensitive, and can't bear it. She is exceedingly clever, and very good."

"She can't be good," asserted the General. "You may try to frustrate me as much as ever you like, Matilda; but I tell you plainly I shall not leave my money to the possible children of Miss Brakespear."

"I don't ask you to do so. All I want is a little breathing-time for this poor child."

"Ah, I forget. You were going to tell me of some asylum where she could be temporarily received."

"Yes, William. I want her to come here."

The General sprang to his feet.

"Here!" he ejaculated.

His voice sounded like a roar. He was more leonine than ever.

"Yes—here," repeated Miss de Laury.

"No," thundered the General.

"I wish to have her close to me, so that I may advise and help her."

"She shall not come, I tell you."

"And she wants a woman's care, which I can give her."

"But I won't have her!"

"And, in fact, I have set my heart upon it."

"Matilda, I ask you, is this house yours or mine?"

"Yours, certainly. But I am the mistress of it and regulate its affairs."

"From henceforth I mean to do that myself."

"Oh, indeed! Well, I wish you joy of it. I often get tired of counting out the dirty table clothes, and giving out the rice, and ordering your gruel when you have a cold, and——"

"Be quiet, Matilda! Of course I don't mean all that. I mean I intend to settle who stays under my roof."

"That you can't do absolutely. You can keep people from coming, you can't keep them from going. If you won't have Theodora here, I shall take rooms for myself and her at Simpson's farm."

"You will do nothing of the sort, Matilda. You cannot create a scandal."

"Then I must have Theodora here."

"She will worry me to death."

"You need only see her at meals."

"She will break everything in the house."

"Not if you treat her kindly."

"Well!" he groaned, "I suppose I must endure it. You are a very unfeeling woman Matilda, but you never had the slightest sympathy for me. But look here! One thing I do insist upon," he said, beginning to stride up and down the room. "What day does Arthur come home?"

"The 1st of August."

"Very well then. Miss Brakespear may come here till the 31st of July, but on that day she must go, if I turn her out of the house with my own hands."

"Just so," said Miss de Laury, quietly.

She never celebrated her victories with flags and drums. True, she always told her confidantes that she fought with her brother not in order to get her own way but to make him do as he should; so it is to be presumed that the contemplation of the General's virtue delighted her sufficiently. At all events, when her adversary had retired from the field, baffled and defeated, she always suffered him to draw up articles of peace not disadvantageous to himself, making, however, a mental reservation to break the said articles when the need arose.

For the moment, however, she bore her honors meekly, without elation or contempt. She was one of those who can conquer and not boast.

Soon after this passage of arms, in which the gallant General was utterly discomfited by one imperturbable woman, Theodora Brakespear was introduced into the General's household. The poor girl was in deep mourning and in still deeper grief. Not only had she lost her father and her home, but she was suddenly foiled in her ambition.

Dr. Brakespear had been but forty-five, and it had seemed to him and to his daughter that, long before he was old, he must have wrested from the terrible disease, to which he had devoted his whole mind, all its secrets, and not only poured upon the world incalculable benefits, but raised himself to the highest pinnacle of fame. It was not to be. A fall from his horse, serious internal injuries sustained, death rapidly ensuing; such was the history of the gifted man who had given his life to science.

Dr. Brakespear's genius lay buried in the grave, and nothing was left to Theodora and the world but a mass of confused notes, which the doctor—in the prime of life and rejoicing in his vigor—had never even attempted to collate. It was small wonder that the child who had sympathized with him all through her life; who had stood at his elbow and followed his reasonings; who had known his aim and believed in his capability and looked forward to his recognition in the future, should be entirely cast down by his sudden death. It seemed to her as if her beloved and noble father had lived in vain. His life was but as a footprint on the sand; his researches were as if written in water. There was nothing left of all his toil in the name of science and for the sake of humanity; no glory, no usefulness, not even stepping-stones by which another man might climb to the point that he had missed.

The girl sank beneath her sorrow and her disappointment. There was no one to record her father's undertaking, or to complete it. Who could disentangle his ideas and pursue his endeavor? True, there was Arthur de Laury, who, notwithstanding his youth, had been her father's friend and the recipient of his confidence; but then Arthur had his own way to make, and would it be likely that the General, who had strongly opposed his son's entering the medical profession at all, would ever sanction his devoting his life to pathological research? Theodora folded her hands and tried to be patient, but her cup was very full, and her only comfort in these days lay in a letter which she kept near her and read constantly.

This was Arthur de Laury's simple and manly note:

DEAR MISS BRAKSPEAR—It is impossible for me to say in words how much I sympathize with you, but I think you know what a great personal loss your father's death is to me, and that I have always revered him as the noblest man I have ever known, and regarded him as my best friend. I wish the honor were mine of being able to comfort you.

It is a grievous thing that Dr. Brakespear's labors have been cut short, and who will follow him? I am unluckily very inferior to him intellectually, yet I have an ardent desire some day to pursue his investigations, with your permission and help.

I hope to see you in a few weeks' time. Meantime, my thoughts are always with you. Believe me ever

Yours most entirely,
ARTHUR DE LAURY.

Theodora's heart bounded as she read and re-read these words. But she was young, and she reproached herself that, at this moment, she should care for this young man's tenderness. She could never be happy again, and how could she ever think of love or marriage? Nevertheless, it was because of Arthur that she accepted the invitation of Arthur's aunt, and it was of Arthur that she thought continually while she sojourned under the roof of Arthur's father.

Sometimes, when Theodora thought of her dead father and the blighted past, her eyes were dimmed with tears; but at other times they were radiant with a light that made her pale, grave face beautiful.

At such times, the General, who had a keen eye for beauty, was obliged to admire her, and this forced admiration irritated him. He would like to have found out that she was crooked, or that her abundant hair was false; but there was nothing against her except her shyness, which at times made her awkward. When she was seated and at her ease, she was graceful, pretty and attractive.

"It passes my comprehension how a girl so slight as that can be so clumsy," said the General, one afternoon, when Theodora had spilt a cup of tea into her lap.

"You offered her cake as if you were giving the word of command," said Miss de Laury. "I assure you, William, accustomed as I am to your eccentricities, you made me jump. I don't wonder Theodora was terrified."

"But why is she terrified? Jessie Thurton would have chaffed me."

"Jessie Thurton is a very different person. She is a light-hearted, empty-headed girl; and moreover, you are always very kind to her."

"How can I help being kind to her, with her rosy cheeks and her dimples?"

"Theodora has much lovelier features. She can't help having a less brilliant complexion."

"But she never laughs."

"My dear William, her father hasn't been dead a month."

"I don't care. She has no business to be so gauche. Why last night she knocked down the chess-table!"

"I don't wonder. When she came to say good-night, you stood up as if you were going to salute."

"And pray, would you have had me sit down to shake hands with a lady? Matilda, the girl is an uncompromising blunderer. She is spilling things or throwing them down or falling over them all day. The kitchen-maid couldn't be more awkward."

"That is undeniable," said Miss de Laury, calmly. "But it's your fault. The poor child is never awkward with me. I find her a very pleasant companion."

"Why, she never opens her mouth!"

"Not to you! She is naturally afraid of you. She has plenty to say to me."

The General shrugged his shoulders.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and I find it uncommonly heavy," he said.

"Poor, dear Theodora," murmured Miss de Laury. "I wouldn't have believed, William, that even you would have fostered such an animus against a good girl, merely because she is shy."

"Good!" shouted the General. "I don't believe she's good. There's a selfish, calculating temper behind that white face, or my name's not William de Laury. She's just the sort to leave her comrade on the field—if she'd been a man. Those scientific beggars always do it. They may talk as much as they like about their love for humanity, but in an emergency it's their own skins they think of."

The General could not dispossess himself of this idea. He considered that doctors created diseases by talking about them, and trying to cure them; and he preferred that people should die like gentlemen, believing that God's will must be done; he was irate with the man who had spent his time in scientific speculations instead of laying up a provision for his daughter; finally, he thought that the Brakespears, both father and child, were fools, and in the General's category fools and knaves were pretty nearly synonymous terms.

Theodora, whose little hands and feet were wont to do elephantine mischief, irritated him sorely, and she irritated him all the more because she was so undeniably good-looking. It was in vain that he told himself that he cared not a fig for a pale complexion and an intellectual expression; good features and a graceful figure cannot be gainsaid; Theodora was distinctly pretty, and the General, who was sore at the influence Dr. Brakespear had acquired over his son, was enraged when he reflected upon the still greater influence that Miss Brakespear was likely to exert in the future.

"Remember, on no pretext whatever is Miss Brakespear to stay over the 31st," he said, as July drew to a close.

"I should think she would be only too delighted to go," returned Miss de Laury. "The poor child must have had quite enough of your glowering face."

"But is she going?" demanded the General, a good deal nettled, for he considered himself rather a lady-killer.

"Of course—and most gladly."

"I don't know why she should be glad," grumbled the General. "Most penniless young women are thankful to be boarded and lodged for nothing."

"Most young ladies, rich or poor, are accustomed to being treated with greater attention than you have shown to Theodora."

"I have never been rude to a lady in my life," cried the General, indignantly.

Miss de Laury raised her shoulders slightly.

"I consider that you have treated Theodora with the most chilling severity," she said. "Your formality, your unsympathetic demeanor, your imperious voice, are enough to make the child wish herself in her grave rather than in your presence."

"She wants to ruin Arthur," muttered the General.

"Your worldliness is only equalled by your lack of chivalry," pursued Miss de Laury. "Take care, William! You may suffer great remorse on your death-bed when you remember how you have maligned this innocent creature."

Now the General hated the subject of his death-bed. He was of opinion that it was a topic of conversation almost indelicate, and decidedly unnecessary, and he writhed when his sister spoke of it familiarly.

"If I have nothing worse on my conscience than my behavior to Miss Brakespear, I shall do very well," he said crossly. "Pray, Matilda, keep your strictures to yourself! Miss Brakespear is a great annoyance to me, I admit; but I am not aware that I have treated her with any want of courtesy, and I will not have my conduct called in question. I am a truthful man, and I can't pretend to be attached to a person whom I cordially dislike, and you can't expect it. If Miss Brakespear doesn't like me, she can go. I haven't pressed her to stay," said the General, puffing out his cheeks and distending his nostrils.

Nevertheless, he was ashamed of himself. He went off to smoke a solitary pipe, and reviewing his conduct in the light of his sister's words, he saw that he had been unkind to his young guest. She was timid, and he had not re assured her; she was in grief, and he had not attempted to cheer her. Certainly she had dared to love his son, but though this was most presumptuous, it argued that she had good taste.

The General had been calling himself a miserable sinner in church for fifty-five years, and now he called himself a miserable sinner out of church. He was more sorry, indeed, for his inhospitality to Theodora than for all the other sins of omission and commission in his life. He had broken all the commandments—in the spirit, if not in the letter—but none of these aberrations preyed upon him so much as the knowledge that he had distressed the gentle girl under his roof. As by a flash of lightning, the enormity of his behavior was revealed to him, and he saw plainly that he had been cruel to the forlorn orphan.

He had been still when he should have been kindly; he had been ceremonious when he should have been tender. The poor General blamed himself with the utmost severity; he felt that he was degraded; there was no further hope of self-esteem in this world, or of salvation in the next.

The General did nothing by halves, and when he met Theodora at dinner, he spoke to her softly, and endeavored to draw her into ordinary conversation. But his efforts were unsuccessful. Theodora did not perceive his drift, and was as nervous and monosyllabic as ever. Truth to tell, his affability bewildered her, and she attributed it to caprice, and perhaps to the relief he experienced at her approaching departure. So he strove to make the amende in vain. He who will not when he may, when he will shall have nay.

The next day was the annual village fete, when everyone, high and low, repaired to the grounds of the Hall and made holiday. Of course the General and Miss de Laury always took part in the festivities, and all the servants went too, and the house was locked up. But this year there was Theodora to be thought of—Theodora who could not go in her deep mourning. At luncheon, the General inquired anxiously what was going to happen.

"Theodora says she doesn't mind staying in the house alone," replied Miss de Laury.

"But I don't know that I can allow that," cried the General, bristling with gallantry.

"O please, please!" entreated Theodora, overturning her wine-glass in her trepidation.

The General felt as if he had spilled the claret, and hastened to repair the damage. But Theodora was more upset than the glass. Her slender frame quivered, and she furtively wiped away a tear. The General was filled with compunction.

"Never mind, never mind," he reiterated.

But Theodora was too much agitated to perceive that his manner was altered, and she could eat no more.

"Theodora will be all right," said Miss de Laury. "I shall leave you the key-basket, my dear, and you can make yourself a cup of tea when you like."

The General did not see Theodora again, and he went off to the fete a heart-broken man. On this afternoon he felt that a smile from that melancholy girl would be worth more to him than all the rubies of Burmah. He was wretched because he had frightened her; he was miserable because she had misunderstood him.

At last his troubled feelings became too much for him, and he resolved to slip away and lay his sorrow and his penitence at Theodora's feet. He was not a man to hesitate. No sooner had he made his decision than he put it into execution, and, stealing away like a schoolboy bent on some nefarious design, he posted to his own home as fast as his feet would carry him.

Meanwhile, Theodora lay on the comfortable couch in Miss de Laury's pretty morning-room and lost herself in a reverie. She did not attempt to read, but she took Arthur's letter out of her pocket and held it in her hand, thinking about the writer with a great many heart-beats, and regretting that it was not convenient for Miss de Laury to keep her until after her nephew's arrival, and grieving bitterly that she had been unable to render herself acceptable to Arthur's father.

"The General hates me," thought the poor girl, "and I could never marry a man whose father did not receive me graciously."

She was very sad. Still, it was a beautiful thought that Arthur loved her, and—reading between the lines of Arthur's letter, she could not but believe that he loved her—and at least she must be associated with him when he began to pursue her father's investigations, since many of Mr. Brakespear's papers could only be deciphered and explained by his daughter. Thus the hot summer afternoon wore tranquilly away.

Theodora, who shook with terror when the General spoke to her, or handed her a cup of tea, had no fear of being alone. She had lived in the village all her life, and knew every person in it, and she felt no nervous apprehensions as to her personal safety. She did not imagine that she heard muffled footsteps on the ground, or subdued whispers in the hall; she did not start when the clock clicked convulsively; she felt no anxiety when the dogs in the stable-yard barked loudly. She lay in the shaded, lily-scented room, with the key-basket at her elbow, thinking a good deal of her dear father's death, and of the General's dislike of her, but a great deal more of Arthur and the sweetness of his letter. Perhaps she fell asleep. Who can determine the exact boundary between day-dreaming and the dreams of sleep? At all events it seemed to her that Arthur had come into the room, and now stood looking at her. She opened her eyes suddenly. At the foot of the sofa was a man with a shock head and a bad countenance, clothed in ragged and dirty fustian, his hands red and soiled, his boots heavy and hobnailed. He was a stranger to her.

"Where is the key of the store-room?" he muttered, hoarsely.

Now the store-room was situated halfway up the stairs—a good-sized chamber whose window was strongly barred, and where a quantity of valuable plate was kept, as well as the tea and sugar. Theodora had been inside it many times, and she knew that several hundred dollars worth of old family silver lay there—the General's most precious possession. In an instant her hand was on the key-basket. The tramp made a step forward.

"Drop that!" he growled. "Let's see!"

Theodora withdrew her hand, and her visitor pounced upon the basket and poured its contents on the table. There were two or three bunches of small keys, but there was no key that looked as if it unlocked a room. The man looked up. Theodora had moved towards the window.

"Where's that key?" demanded the ugly fellow, striding across the room.

"Here!" cried Theodora, holding it up between her finger and thumb.

Then, quick as thought, she sprang over the low window-sill, drew the window down behind her, and sped away through the garden like lightning. She had gained but a second. Instantly the tramp threw up the sash and was after her. Patter, patter went her little feet along the gravel walks and through the shrubberies! Thud, thud went the ponderous tread of the rogue behind her! She was fleet, but he was much stronger. She began to pant, but he knew how to run, and he gained steadily on her. Once she looked behind, and saw him closing in upon her. Then she redoubled her exertions, but she was getting exhausted, and there was an agonizing stitch in her side. She was making for the pond. If she could but reach the pond she would be safe.

She could swim, and she would plunge into it without fear; but it was known to be deep and the tramp would hesitate to follow. There she would be safe: for even if the tramp hovered on the bank, over the hill, above the pond, the General and Miss de Laury would presently come, returning from the Hall.

But would her strength hold out? Her feet seemed to be tied together; her breath came in labored gasps; the pain in her side amounted to anguish. Tramp, tramp, came her pursuer! He was at her heels; she felt his hot breath upon her; she felt his rough grasp upon her arm. With one mighty effort, and uttering a piercing cry, she threw the key from her as far as she could.

Splash! It had fallen into the water.

Then Theodora fell to the ground, and lost consciousness.

"I'll pay you out for this!" cried the baffled man.

And he kicked the girl's prostrate form—once, twice—with his terrible boots. But not again! The General had seen it all from the brow of the hill, and now—with the roar as of many lions—he descended.

When Theodora came to herself, the General was bending over her with a face whose expression she could not mistake. She smiled faintly.

"I've saved the plate," she murmured. "And the key isn't lost. That was only a blind. It was the key of the back door. The key of the store-room is in my pocket."

Then she fainted again.

* * * * * * *

The 31st of July came, but there was no talk of Theodora leaving the General's house. Several of her ribs were broken, and she lay in bed upstairs.

"How is she?" asked the General for the thousandth time, when his sister came down to tea.

"She is going on very well," replied Miss de Laury. "But it will be some time before she quite recovers from the shock."

"She is a noble girl—she is a fine creature!" cried the General, enthusiastically. "I hope she has everything she wants, Matilda. I wish no expense spared."

"None shall be spared. I am anxious to get Theodora well, so that she may go."

"Go!" exclaimed the General.

"Yes. You said you should turn her out if she stayed after the 31st."

"I turn her out!" cried the General, distractedly. "I turn out that gallant little thing! Matilda, have you taken leave of your senses? Don't you see that circumstances have altered the case? I won't hear of Miss Brakespear leaving my house. And, Matilda," he added, "if Arthur and she are really in love with each other, I will make things easy for them."

"Much better not," rejoined Miss de Laury, her eyes twinkling. "Arthur had much better turn his thoughts to Jessie Thurton."

"Jessie Thurton!" ejaculated the General. "Why, she says herself she would have surrendered the key at once!"

"But she is so pretty, William!"

"Not nearly as pretty as Miss Brakespear."

"And she chaffs you!"

"Theodora," said the General, "smiled at me like an angel."

"But she is dreadfully awkward," continued Miss de Laury. "She is spilling things, or throwing them down, or falling over them all day. The kitchen-maid couldn't be more awkward. Beware, William! Those scientific people are never good. In an emergency it's their own skins they always think of."

"But she can't be induced," said the General, impressively. "She had the key in her pocket all the time."

Scientific and Useful.

LIFE SAVING.—The latest form of life-saving apparatus for use at sea is known as the "Barricade Life buoy." This comprises a cage and a buoy combined, so that a "man overboard," if he manages to clutch it, may get inside and remain protected from sharks prowling around.

ARTIFICIAL PEARL.—The French artificial pearl is produced by boring a hole in the shell of the oyster, and introducing a small bit of glass, which the animal covers with "nacre," or mother of pearl, to stop the irritation. Such pearls are flat on one side, and of less value than those produced naturally.

ALONG TRACKS.—Weeds along railroad tracks are now killed by the "electric weed killer." It consists of a car carrying a dynamo, which sends a heavy current into a sort of rake of fine wires dragging among the weeds on each side of the track. As the wires touch them the weeds are "electrocuted" down to their smallest rootlets. It is proposed to introduce the same system in farming.

ON WATER.—A novel kind of theatre is said to be in course of construction at Buenos Ayres. It is designed to hold five thousand persons, and its approaches are so arranged that carriages can set down their passengers at the level of the grand tier as well as on the ground floor. At short notice the pit and stalls can be converted into a circus or racing track; or, if desired, a miniature lake can be provided in this space for swimming or other aquatic entertainments. The modern term "Palace of Varieties," would seem to be very appropriate to this new building.

CHANGE OF IDEAS.—It is curious to note how the progress of knowledge causes the medical profession to change its opinions. It has always been thought that the use of new bread is most unhealthy, a doctrine which is religiously believed in and acted upon in most households. But a Russian doctor now asserts that new bread is far more beneficial to the consumer than that which has been cut and exposed to the air, and has had time to gather the numerous germs which find in the material a nutrient medium. The heat of the oven is destructive to these germs, and hence new bread is found to be perfectly free from them.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—Green weeds, when plowed under, add something to the soil, but if allowed to produce seed and become dry they not only rob the soil but lay the foundation for a greater number of weeds the next season.

FRUIT TREES.—In trimming fruit trees train each tree to shade its own body. See that it has symmetry and equal weight around the point of support; strengthen the limbs by shortening back, and reduce the quantity of fruit by judicious shortening of the shoots bearing fruit buds.

FRUIT.—Aside from the question of increased productiveness, the quality of fruit from trees well fertilized is enough better to repay the cost. If grass is allowed to grow, top dress with stable manure and turn in the sheep to keep the herbage down. If carefully cultivated the fertilizer will better reach the roots than if put to grass.

STOCK.—Many farmers keep themselves poor by using inferior stock. They feed off all their hay and grain and secure but little increase. Strange to state, it is the farmer who struggles the hardest that is the least liable to be convinced of the importance of the pure breeds. There is plenty of missionary work to do in educating farmers to recognize superiority in cattle.

IN CLOVER.—Leaving the hogs in the clover field to be fattened on corn in the fall pays well when they are not ready for sale, but there is nothing to gain by keeping a hog until fall or winter if it is of a weight sufficient to bring a fair price. The time to sell is when the hog is ready for market, without regard to the season of the year. It is a waste of time, food and labor to keep it over the summer if it is salable.

BY TRIFLING WITH A COLD, many a one allows himself to drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent disease, which thereafter takes full possession of the system. Better cure your cold at once with Dr. D. Jaynes's Expectorant, a good remedy for Throat ails and Lung affections.

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About Heredity.

All organisms, whether animal or vegetable, have the power of reproducing other organisms; and these are fashioned in the likeness of themselves. They obey the command, "Be fruitful and multiply," and bring forth seed endowed or imbued with the formative force of vitality, capable of living independently, and of building up and developing its body by the appropriation of new material from without, until it, the seed, has become a new individual organism like the parent organism—"every one in his kind." This repetition, or resemblance, is the result of continuity between parent and child.

The young is first part of the old organism, as the acorn is part of the oak until it falls from the tree, when, if it be deposited in the earth and surrounded with conditions favorable to its growth and providing for its sustenance, the germ of life it has received from the oak from which it sprang bursts into activity; and in process of time the acorn becomes itself an oak like the parent tree.

The force of vitality which we have called the "germ of life" is specific—that is to say, it has special characteristics proper to the organism from which it has been received. The vital force of the plant differs from the vital force of the animal. It is not necessary to suppose that the great underlying principle of vitality—that is, life—varies; but its manifestation varies with the organism in which it is incorporated.

Force, or energy, is a subtle—undefined, and probably undefinable—power which assumes as many diverse forms of expression as there are instruments in and through which it acts. The force or energy in gunpowder produces an explosion, the force or energy in boiling water is made to drive a steam-engine. "Force," or "energy," is simply a term by which we designate not the result, but the power to produce a given result under certain conditions.

We speak of this force or energy as treasured in the organism or mass with which it is associated. If we find it treasured in matter which does not possess the power of appropriating material from beyond its own structure and incorporating it therewith, we are content to call it simply force or energy; but, if we find it in an organism which is endowed with the faculty of growth and of reproduction, we call it life. Whether life differs from force or energy in its essential nature, or whether the different manifestations of a common force are entirely due to the matter with which they are associated, and in and through which they show themselves, it is at present impossible to determine.

Meanwhile the whole tendency of such information as we are able to elicit from the study of nature points to the conclusion that the form of matter governs the display of energy. In any case we cannot study life apart from the organisms with which it is incorporated, and these limit and determine its manifestations. It is therefore with the organisms we have to deal; and the great law of propagation or increase makes the progeny like the parent. It is permissible and convenient, if not strictly accurate, to convert the idea of propagation in likeness or kind into one of inheritance.

Thus, instead of saying, "The parents of this child produced it with those characteristics of form or disposition," we say, "That child inherited its distinctive bodily and mental qualities from its parents." This transmission from parent to child is therefore "heredity." And heredity is simply the reproduction in the child of the peculiarities of the parent, the making of the new organism in the likeness of the old; every living being, whether animal or vegetable, bringing forth fruit, or being fruitful and multiplying, "in his kind."

There are certain general laws of heredity which it would be impossible to explain, but which it is desirable to recognize. There are two lines of inheritance, a direct and an oblique line. The mental and nervous constitution seems—in most cases—to pass obliquely from father to daughter, and from mother to son, while the more directly physical constitution, to use a popular expression, descends in the direct line from father to son and mother to daughter.

There are many apparent exceptions to the operation of this law in families, but they are generally explicable on the principle of what is called "Atavism," or the inheritance from a grandfather or great-grandfather, rather than from a father. It would seem that, when the oblique and the direct lines of inheritance fall together on an individual, one may overpower or interrupt the other, and that this is very likely to occur either when the difference between the two stcoks is very great or their characteristics are so antagonistic as to clash—the weaker being suppressed and held in abeyance, though not destroyed, or so combined as to be as it were merged in the stronger.

The study of heredity in the light of this interpretation is full of the deepest and most suggestive interest. It explains the health or disease which prevails in families, the perpetuation of virtuous or vicious qualities, the remarkable exhibition of special attributes or characteristics of body and mind in alternate, or nearly alternate, generations; and it goes far to show the immediate cause of that success or failure in life which seems to attend the members of particular families.

We will not at present pursue the subject further into detail. It is manifestly one of high moment to the population, and its bearings on the question of personal responsibility are self-evident. We are life-tenants in an estate which is inalienably settled on our race and family. If we diminish its value or corrupt the property, we commit a grievous wrong. If we simply allow it to lie fallow and do nothing to improve it, we are like the servant who hid in the earth the talent entrusted to him. He thought he was avoiding the peril and evading the penalty of active wrong-doing; but his offence was not the less grave because it took the form of a passive neglect of duty, and the punishment of his transgression was none the lighter because, forsooth, he sought to found a plea of excuse for his failure to do good on the affectation that he had an excessive fear of doing nothing evil. We cannot shield ourselves from blame for the omission of right-doing on the pretence that at least we have done no wrong. It is wrong to omit to do right.

We are told that man was put into the garden of Eden to keep and till it. This should teach us that life involves labor and responsibility as well as ease and enjoyment. Existence implies activity. There cannot be health, and it is not possible that there should be any long continuance of life, without energy. Living depends on acting. Every pulse of being is work. Life and motion are themselves forms of work. There may be good work or bad work, but there must be work of some sort if there is life. It follows that, whether we will or no, we must work while we live; and, if we are not doing good, we are certainly doing evil.

A simple negation of energy and absence of result is impracticable. If the inheritance of humanity in which we have a life-share is not improved during our tenancy, it will be deteriorated. It is important to remember this, and a duty we owe our nature, and those who will come after us, to act as though we remembered it. Heredity is the entail of life with its attributes and properties. It is an inexorable law of existence, and one which it is an offence against humanity to neglect or transgress.

EVERY one who has the charge of youth should see not only that they are protected from what is evil, but that they are surrounded by what is good, and be careful not only to preserve them from the malaria of vice, but to place them in the pure and bracing atmosphere of high thoughts, noble ideals, and worthy deeds. There are two influences ever pressing upon them; the one is direct, voluntary, intentional—the other, indirect, involuntary, unpremeditated. The former all conscientious persons endeavor to exercise; the latter, because, like the atmosphere, it eludes our direct grasp, is often neglected and forgotten.

WEALTH and fame and high position are often the signs of qualities commanding our highest respect. They frequently speak of industry, economy, skill, talent, intellect, wisdom. As such they are deserving of honor. But, when we honor them not as signs, but as realities, not for what they represent, but for what they are, when we crave them and struggle for them, and resolve to gain them at any price, even at the sacrifice of the very qualities for which they stand, then we are taking the very life of real respectability.

EVERYBODY is bound to some kind of service; everybody is dependent upon his fellows. The veriest recluse must have food, clothes, and a shelter; and, if he can make these himself, he is still dependent upon the courtesy of his neighbor to let him alone. It is impossible to be wholly independent, and the attempt might as well be abandoned. But it is possible to be reasonable; that is within the reach of every one.

DISCIPLINE, like the bridle in the hand of a good rider, should exercise its influence without appearing to do so—should be ever active, both as a support and as a restraint, yet seem to lie easily in hand. It must always be ready to check or to pull up, as occasion may require; and only when the horse is a runaway should the action of the curb be perceptible.

WITHOUT earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but, if he has not earnestness, he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it depth of shadow.

THE grandest and strongest natures are ever the calmest. A fiery restlessness is the symbol of frailties not yet outgrown. The repose of power is its richest phase and its clearest testimony.

THE line which separates regard and love is so fine that the young heart transgresses the boundary before it is aware of having even verged upon it.

THE man who is in the highest state of prosperity, and who thinks his fortune most secure, knows not if it will remain unchanged till the evening.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

SAM.—Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, died June 7, 1329, in his fifty-fifth year, and the twenty-third of his reign. His heart, extracted and embalmed, was delivered to Sir James Douglas, to be carried to Palestine and buried in Jerusalem. Douglas was killed fighting against the Moors in Spain, and Bruce's heart, with the body of its devoted champion, was brought to Scotland and buried in the monastery at Melrose. The body of the king was interred in the Abbey Church of Danfermline.

F. R. A.—Wedding presents should be recognized as spontaneous rather than obligatory gifts. It is, however, considered in a measure obligatory upon all relatives and immediate friends of the happy couple to remember them on the occasion of their wedding, and also all those who have already been remembered by them in like manner. The whole matter is left to the discretion of such friends, but if they are not invited to the wedding reception, it seems as though it should be taken for granted that they are not considered intimate friends.

J. S. HINES.—The occasion of the keeping of Easter arose during the celebration of the Passover. This Jewish feast is kept at the full moon of the vernal equinox, whence the rule was made fixing Easter for the Sunday subsequent to the first full moon after the 21st March, with the provision that, if the full moon happens on a Sunday, then Easter Day shall fall a week later. This condition was introduced to avoid the observance of Easter at the same time as the Passover; but the coincidence will notwithstanding sometimes occur, and next will happen in the year 1903.

T. C. W.—Roses and other flowers are made to yield their perfume by steeping their leaves in water contained in a saucer or flat dish, and setting it in the sun. The leaves should not only be entirely covered, but a sufficient quantity of water allowed for evaporation. Let the dish be undisturbed for a few days, when a film will be found floating on the water. This is the essential oil of the flower, which should be taken up carefully and put into tiny phials. The phials should be kept open for a little while, to allow all watery particles to evaporate.

BEAR.—If you have suffered the annoyance one or two years, better put up with it than live to tills you know not of. The impression is a painful one; but many persons have it. You will probably not accept our assurance that the whole belief is purely one of what is called "subjective" feeling. It has no foundation in fact. You have the impression, and it is real to you; but any attention you really attract is the consequence not the cause of your experience. It is not of much good to tell you this, because it is unlikely you will attach any weight to our opinion; but we state the facts on the chance of your being disposed to accept the assurance. Such cases are of the commonest. We hear of them daily.

JESSOP.—What is there special in Spanish castles to account for the phrase chateaux en Espagne, or castles in the air? Nothing; the peculiarity lies in Spanish grandiloquence and braggadocio, for which the French—it is their and not our phrase—have as much contempt as they have for the boasting of the Gascons. When a Spanfard exalted his possessions, the reality was found to be so far from the promise that a castle in Spain grew to mean an airy nothing, a bubble, something that would vanish and depart—breath, no more. Some of this "tall talk" still remains—if we are to believe the latest travelers—with that proud nation, whose pride has indeed gone before its fall.

D. L. D.—During 1813 and 1814 the man-of-war "Essex," commanded by Captain David Porter, created great havoc among the British merchantmen and whalers trading on the Pacific coast of South America. On February 3, 1814, he sailed into the harbor of Valparaiso, and shortly afterwards was hemmed in by two British men-of-war, the "Phœbe" and "Cherub." Although greatly outnumbered, he determined to escape. Accordingly, on March 28, 1814, he set sail with one of the vessels he had captured—the "Essex, Jr."—and the most sanguinary naval battle of the war of 1812 ensued. The "Essex" became a total wreck and was on fire, and when but seventy five effective men out of a total of two hundred and twenty-five remained, Porter hauled down his flag. He and his companions were sent home in the "Essex, Jr."

SNOWDRIFT.—No language is easy. Have you never heard the story about the diplomatist who said that only two people in Europe could talk French perfectly? Most English people begin with French when they take to foreign languages, and very many educated persons can read a French novel with ease. Then, if ever Coquelin or Sarah Bernhardt comes to the leading cities of America, there is an audience which never misses a point; but even such proficiency as that implies many years of severe study or of actual intercourse with French people. Italian seems easy, but it is not, and you would find the irregular verbs heart-breaking. A fair working knowledge of Spanish or Portuguese may be acquired in a moderate time; but the subtleties come only after much toil. Russian is so hard that we cannot advise you to start it. After studying for three years you may read well enough, but six years would be required to put you quite at ease; and we do not believe that any man except a native ever learns to think in Russian. So far as commerce goes with the growing trade of this country with South America, we may say that a perfect acquaintance with Spanish offers many chances to a young man.

A PAUSE.

BY S. W.

Along the narrow garden walk,
Beneath the sleeping trees, I pass.
The lily bows upon its stalk;
The rose-leaves drop upon the grass;
The daisies, like a thousand eyes
Of slumber, close about my feet;
The wallflow'rs and anemones
Make the soft air of twilight sweet.
How good it is after the hours—
The bustling hours—of workaday
To muse among the quiet flow'rs
And hear the dying zephyrs sway
The leaves with one low sigh and die away!

Between the daylight and the night,
This peaceful pause, this tranquil time
Of falling dew and fading light
And airs that from some Sabbath chime
Seem to be breathing—this intense
And spirit haunted hour of calm,
When twilight grows the veil of sense,
And Heaven's open doors drop balm
Of blessing earthward, lifts the soul
Above the loud world's jar and fret,
And helps it onward to its goal,
And bids it for a while forget
All but that God is good and liveth yet!

Not Worth.

BY M. H.

I TELL you, my dear boy, the game is not worth the candle! The girl is pretty, I admit—awfully pretty; but, as the copy-books have it, 'Beauty is but skin deep'; and, as for love—in the words of the poet—

"'Love is but an empty sound—
The modern fair one's jest.'"

"Then if those are your sentiments, by Jove, you shan't flirt with her—at least, not while I'm in the way!" And, with a cool "Good morning," Grant Desborough turns on his heel.

"Grant, old fellow, what's up with you? I didn't mean to offend you," says his companion, laying a detaining hand on his arm, and adding, "Come and dine with me; the mater has gone up to town, so we shall be alone. Do come, and, in pinafore parseology, 'make it up!'"

Grant Desborough complies with the request by putting his arm within his friend's, and they walk on in amity.

Vere St. Quintin is the only son of a doting mother, and heir to all the broad acres of the dead-and-gone St. Quintins. He is the last of the line, and has the same handsome face and gay debonair bearing that have distinguished his race for generations past.

Mrs. St. Quintin is a proud woman, thoroughly conservative in all her views. Money carries little weight with her—blood is everything. She would far sooner her cherished son married a penniless wife, if only that wife were of high birth, than ally himself with a daughter of the people. But Vere seems in no hurry to take unto himself a wife of either high or low degree, his mother having infected him with her opinion that few women are worthy of having his glove thrown to them.

Grant Desborough is Vere's cousin, but does not possess the family pride to the same degree. He is a barrister, in excellent practice, and Mrs. St. Quintin is very fond of him; for, although not quite so conservative as she could wish, he is a perfect gentleman, and never makes light of his aunt's prejudices; moreover, he is engaged to the youngest daughter of a baronet, and that fact alone would ensure her favor. The fair one for whom he has been taking up the cudgels so warmly is the daughter of a new-comer at Monkswood, Ruby Marjoribanks.

Doctor Marjoribanks stands tolerably high in the medical profession, his home being in London, where he has a good West-end practice. Requiring a rest, he has taken a house at Monkswood for six months, leaving his nephew as locum tenens.

Ruby is a beautiful girl, and, although she has been located only a month in the neighborhood, is much sought after. The Desboroughs have "taken her up," and that is sufficient; for Mrs. Desborough, being a St. Quintin, cannot err.

Ruby, young and impressionable, and not aware of Vere's flirting propensities, receives his marked attentions with apparent pleasure, while he on his side is startled by the girl's witching beauty and by her quaint original style.

"Vere, I do wish you would give up your abominable habit of flirting!" Grant says, after dinner.

"Can't help it, old fellow—it's my way," he answers. "But, to please you, I'll try to turn over a new leaf; although it is terribly hard that one mustn't speak politely to a pretty girl without being almost brought up for breach-of-promise!"

"Why on earth, then, don't you get engaged? You will have to marry some day, unless it is going to be a case of 'the last of the St. Quintins.'"

"All in good time, my boy! Miss Right will turn up some fine day. I shall wait until there's a high bid for me."

"Conceit goes a long ways," returns his cousin sarcastically.

"Don't know the meaning of the word," laughs the other; and, filling his glass, he add—"Here's to my good resolutions, and to the total abolition of that detestable vice called 'flirting'!"

"I'll drink to that with right good will!" answers Grant. "And now I must really be going."

"Never mind excuses. I've felt the same myself. Give my love to her!" And gay, light-hearted Vere follows his cousin to the hall, lights a cigar, and declares his intention of taking a stroll down to the village.

"All right," he responds; "but steer clear of Holmehurst."

Left to his own devices, Vere saunters down the pretty lane that leads to the village, hoping, in spite of his promises, that the beauty of the evening may tempt Ruby Marjoribanks to take a stroll.

Gipsy Lane is a charming spot, the trees forming an archway overhead. The autumn leaves take a deeper golden tint from the glorious sunset that bathes the whole lane in its rosy light; and Vere, who is an ardent admirer of nature, revels in the gorgeous coloring. In spite of his many faults, he has redeeming points, and is, at the bottom, a thoroughly good-hearted fellow.

There is an old wooden stile at the end of the lane, and upon this Vere seats himself. He lights another cigar, is quietly smoking for several minutes, and then, moved by a sudden impulse, draws his knife from his pocket and carves his initials on the moss grown wood. When finished, he contemplates his work with a critical air, and for a second his eyes brighten and a slight smile parts his lips as he proceeds to carve beneath the "V. St. Q." "R. M."

"I wonder if she'll notice it," he muses; "and, if so, whether she'll observe that the initials are intended for her own! I almost hope not. I don't want to make a fool of the pretty little thing. 'Marjoribanks' is a good old name, though, and—Hello, my fine fellow, whose dog are you?" he breaks off, roused from his reverie by the appearance of a fine St. Bernard, who comes up wagging his heavy tail and regarding him with solemn eyes.

"Faust, Faust!" calls a silvery voice.

Round the bend of the lane comes Faust's mistress—pretty Ruby Marjoribanks. She is petite, but well proportioned. The oval outline of her face is perfect, the coloring Rembrandt's own; the brown eyes have a glorious light, and are fringed with long black lashes which, with the dainty arched eyebrows, form a strange contrast to the burnished golden hair that in rough tumbling waves falls far below her waist.

Her dress is of black satin, made quite plainly, with "Huguenot" puffed sleeves, and rare old lace ruffles encircle the delicate neck and white wrists. No color relieves the sombreness of her attire save a bunch of scarlet geraniums at the neck.

So deeply interested is she in the fate that hangs on the last petal of a daisy she is pulling to pieces that she does not at once notice Vere; but when at length her trouble is rewarded by "Not at all," the flower is mercilessly thrown aside, and, raising her head, she greets Vere with a radiant smile.

Rising with alacrity and raising his hat, he hurries to her side.

"Good evening, Miss Marjoribanks! I had no idea Master Faust was your herald."

"Good evening, Mr. St. Quintin," she answers quietly. "Faust is a rude old fellow, and always runs on far ahead. I suppose he finds me dull company."

"I pity his taste," returns Vere involuntarily, casting an admiring glance at his pretty companion. "May I ask what it was that interested you so deeply just now? Were you studying botany?"

"Not at all," answers Ruby, not being quite so unsophisticated as he imagines.

"Well, I know some girls go in for that kind of thing," he says.

They have reached the stile, and Vere is debating whether he shall offer his services as escort. He cannot forget his promise to Grant; and yet how pleasant it is to have so charming a companion! But he knows it is dangerous ground, and for a moment his better nature prevails, but only for a moment. Faust decides the matter by disappearing across a field, leaving Ruby without a protector.

"Faust, Faust, you are a bad dog!" laughs Vere, quite satisfied now as to the propriety of offering himself as escort. "Even Grant could not object to it," he thinks. "May I take Faust's place, Miss Marjoribanks? I don't know whether you have far to go, but it is scarcely safe to trust to his protection."

"Thank you, Mr. St. Quintin. I am only going down to the village, and am not at all timid."

"Well, I too have some business there, so, if you have no objection, we'll go so far together;" and, Ruby having none, they walk on through the golden cornfields chatting as merrily as if they were old friends.

"Here we are, Miss Marjoribanks!" says Vere, as they reach the village. Can I have the pleasure of transacting any business for you?"

"No, thanks, Mr. St. Quintin!" laughs Ruby. "I am going to the fancy-shop to choose some crewels for a smoking-cap for papa."

"Happy papa!" sighs Vere. "Then, while you are deciding upon the relative merits of peacock-blue and sage-green, red and faded yellow, I'll pay a visit to the florist's. My mother has set her mind on a particular kind of orchid, and will give me no peace until it is safely lodged in her conservatory." And, leaving Ruby at her destination, he strolls over to the florist's.

"Good evening, sir!" says the obsequious nurseryman. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"I want you to get my mother some choice orchids, such as you sold Mrs. Desborough a few days back."

"Very well, sir; I'll have some down to-morrow, and send them in direct-ly. Do you want any cut flowers this evening?" he continues. "I have some beauties just come in;" and, opening a sheet of wadding, he discloses some lovely blossoms.

Vere looks at the flowers with admiring eyes, and the thought strikes him that Ruby might like a bouquet. For the moment he forgets his promise to Grant, so he says—

"Yes, Jones, they are beauties; you may make me up a bouquet. Give me plenty of maidenhair, and also this spray of forget-me-not."

"Here you are, sir!" Jones says a few minutes later. "And a prettier nosegay was never put together, although I say it as shouldn't!"

"What's the damage, Jones?" asks Vere, putting his hand into his pocket.

Jones knows his customer, and fixes his price accordingly.

"Half a guinea, sir. These blooms are a shilling each to buy separately; but they are worth it!"

Vere hands him the money without a murmur.

"You'll not forget those orchids?"

"No, sir; you shall have them to-morrow. Good evening, sir!"—and he bows Vere out as though he were a prince of the blood.

Ruby has just completed her purchases when he strolls across the road.

"Did the search for the crewels end satisfactorily?" he asks.

"Yes," answers Ruby. "You seem to understand a great deal about such things, Mr. St. Quintin. Papa could never discover the meaning of the word."

"Ah, but perhaps the Doctor has had no experience in the way of fancy-work; now I have! My mother is always asking my opinion as to this or that design; and endless are the patterns I have to draw for five o'clock tea-cloths, antimacassars, etcetera. You've no idea what a domesticated fellow I am, Miss Marjoribanks! But I am forgetting your flowers;" and Vere hands Ruby the lovely bouquet, saying, "I thought you might like these. Jones showed them to me; and I couldn't resist the temptation of showing you that we Monkswood people can boast flowers equal to any that Covent Garden can offer."

Oh, thank you exceedingly, Mr. St. Quintin; they are lovely!" says Ruby, blushing.

Vere is charmed with her childish delight. He looks at the little white hands that hold the bouquet so tenderly, and feels an overpowering desire to have those tiny fingers place a flower in his coat. All his promises to Grant are forgotten as he says—

"Miss Marjoribanks, do you know Sullivan's song 'Sweethearts'?"

"Yes," she returns, thinking it a strange question.

"What are the first words?" he asks, bending his head to sight of her face.

"'"Oh, take this flower, dear love," said he.' I' comes in faltering tones.

"Shall we substitute the plural in the line? But what of the second verse—'"Give me a flower, dear love," said he. "Will she throw the flower I crave?"'" He pauses, watching eagerly the varying expressions that flit across her face.

She cannot fail to understand him, and she asks—

"Which will you have?"

"Those forget-me-nots, if you can spare them."

And for answer Ruby draws out the spray and hands it to him in silence.

"Am I to put them in myself?" he asks. "Men's fingers are too clumsy to handle flowers."

"Then how about those that arranged them?" she asks, taking the spray from him.

In spite of the pertness of her words, the girl's fingers tremble as they touch his coat.

"Has my tailor forgotten the elastic?" Vere asks.

He knows the question is needless, but it serves as a pretext for clasping the little hand that is fixing the flowers in their place. He holds it so for one brief sweet moment, then suddenly remembers his resolve and hastily lowers his arm.

"Thank you, Miss Marjoribanks!" he says. "I wonder whether we shall meet again in the coming years, and if these flowers will be forgotten—at least, by you?"

In an instant Ruby sees Vere's character in a clearer light, and blushes to think how easily she has fallen into the snare. She is a proud little lady, and cannot bear the idea of his adding her name to his doubtless long list of victims.

"It is scarcely probable that we shall meet again after papa leaves Monkswood; and my memory is so very bad that, beautiful as these flowers are, the present meeting will doubtless fade with them," she says; and her tone is very cold.

Vere perceives his mistake, and can scarcely conceal his annoyance. But he soon recovers his equanimity, and answers—

"At any rate, Miss Marjoribanks, they may consider themselves sufficiently honored by your notice. But here is Holmehurst; so I will wish you 'Good bye.'"

"Good evening, Mr. St. Quintin," she replies. "Thank you again for the flowers! If you have no objection, I will give them to papa for a peace offering, for he will be wondering how it is that I have left him for so long." And, with a distant little bow, Ruby takes leave of the disconsolate escort.

"What an idiot I am!" he mutters. "But I'll be more careful in future. It was awfully caddish of me to say what I did; I can't think what possessed me!"

After this evening's walk Vere sees very little of Ruby. She is polite when they meet, but that is all. Grant Desborough, true to his word, does all he can to prevent those two from meeting. He has repeated Vere's words to his mother; and that lady—Ruby being a favorite of hers—is warm in her defence, and declares in decided tones that the girl is too good for him, and, moreover, determines to put her on her guard against Vere's "flirting propensities."

The Doctor's daughter is a constant visitor at Desborough Park, for Mrs. Desborough has no children save Grant, and has taken a great fancy to the beautiful girl. So one afternoon, as they sit at five o'clock tea, she makes allusion to his nephew.

"Ah, my dear," she says, "this mother has ruined him by her indulgent worship! Now my Grant, although he is an only son, was never petted and given way to in everything. My sister in-law loves Vere 'not wisely, but too well.' She thinks no one still lovely good for him, and is continually reminding him that, with his high birth, large fortune, and handsome face, he could win one of the highest ladies in the land."

"Mr. St. Quintin is unquestionably handsome, but not more so than many men I have met. Ruby's tones are calm and cold.

"I wish he could hear your opinion, my love; it would lessen his self-conceit," she returns. "Grant is constantly urging him to marry, as well as to endeavor to be of some use in the world; but he merely shrugs his shoulders, and says, 'The game's not worth the candle.' Will you take another cup of tea, my dear?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Desborough, I must be going now;" and, drawing on her gloves, Ruby affectionately kisses the stately old lady and then wends her way homewards.

She is glad to get to the cool evening

air and to be done. Calm and composed as was her manner while Mrs. Desborough was descanting on her nephew's failings, every word uttered cut into the girl's heart with a cruel pain. Wounded pride forces the bitter tears to her eyes.

"'Not worth the candle'!" she murmurs. "Could that remark have applied to me? We may not be so wealthy, but at least the Marjoribankses are as good and as old a family as the St. Quintin! If I had only scorned his attentions at first! But how was I to know his true character?"

"Ruby darling, I have rather bad news for you," says her father, as she enters the old-fashioned Holmehurst drawing-room. "Kenneth has written to say he has had an excellent appointment offered him in Sydney which he would much like to accept. The only difficulty is his having to get some one to fill my place. But my health is better than it was, and in any case I could not stand in his light, so I have decided to return to London in a month's time, and, if I can, to get a tenant for this place during the remainder of my term. I am sorry, darling, not only for my own sake, but for years. The air seems to suit you so well."

"I am glad, though, papa," she answers. "Monkswood is a pretty place, but it is not home. And auntie will be delighted to have us back! She says it is terribly dull without me!"

Doctor Marjoribanks' wife has been dead eight years. His sister keeps house for him, and is almost like a mother to Ruby. Although the girl is glad to leave Monkswood, she is very quiet for the remainder of the evening, gazing with dreamy thoughtful eyes into the old-world garden of Holmehurst, thinking what happy hours she has spent under the shady trees. And she is conscious of a vague restless pain—a pain she tries in vain to stifle. A handsome careless face will rise before her eyes, and a gay mocking voice will ring in her ears.

At last, vexed and mortified, she goes into the garden, determined to shake off her depression.

* * * * * *

"So the Marjoribankses leave Monkswood in a week or two?" says Grant Desborough, glancing curiously at his cousin to see what effect his communication will have.

"Do they?" questions Vere; then adds, in slightly embarrassed tones, "I haven't seen Miss Marjoribanks lately. Have you?"

"Yes; I see her almost every day. My mother and she are inseparable. Ruby is a dear little thing!"

"Oh—sets the wind in that quarter?" says Vere savagely.

"Vere, you forget yourself! Thank goodness I am no flirt!" replies Grant, in haughty tones.

"No—by Jove, you're not; and I beg your pardon, old fellow! But, to tell the truth, I have ventured too near the light of Miss Marjoribanks' bright eyes, and have singed my poor wings at last! Grant, old boy, I am almost tempted to follow your advice—get married, and lead an exemplary life! I'm getting tired of knocking about doing nothing."

"Are you in earnest?" asks Grant.

"Yes, old fellow—really in earnest; perhaps more so than I have ever been in my life!"—and the careless face looks grave for once.

"Then I wish you success with all my heart!"—and Grant grasps his cousin warmly by his hand. The two men have a strong affection for each other; they have been constant companions all their lives.

"I don't know what the mater will say. She'll be awfully disappointed!" says Vere ruefully. "Nothing under a title would gain her consent; but, hang it all, I can't marry to order!"

"I suppose you're quite sure of being accepted?" puts in Grant drily.

"Not much fear of that!" his cousin returns, astonishment in his eye. "Few girls would refuse to be mistress of St. Quintin's, even if its master were as old as Methuselah and as ugly as Mephistopheles!"

Vere, having once set his mind on proposing to Ruby, cannot rest until he has done so, and he gives himself up to a delightful day dream, and fondly thinks how tender the radiant eyes will grow under the strong influence of his love, and how sweet his name will sound from her sweet lips. In the midst of his dreaming a happy thought strikes him. He will go up to town and buy the engagement-ring; it will make the time pass quickly, and he has a fancy to tell his love in the gloaming.

Hurrying to the station, he is soon borne away from peaceful Monkswood into the smoke and bustle of the great city.

When Vere gets back from London, the sun is almost lost behind a bank of purple clouds, so he determines not to go home, but to hasten first to Holmehurst.

"Not at home, sir!" is the prim parlor-maid's answer to Vere's request to see Miss Marjoribanks.

"Can you tell me when she will be in?"

"No, sir—I can't exactly; but I don't fancy she'll be long. She's only gone out for a walk. Perhaps you would like to come in and wait, sir?" she adds, thinking Miss Ruby might be vexed at missing such a distinguished-looking visitor.

"No, thank you; I'll simply leave my card," he answers, resolving to try to find the lady who was the object of his visit.

For once the Fates are propitious. At the end of the lane, bending over the stile, Vere sees Ruby. Her back is turned towards him, so she does not see him coming. She is evidently intent upon examining some letters cut on the stile.

In an instant Vere remembers his handiwork, and he stands watching to see the effect it produces. He notes with gratified pride the bright flush that rises suddenly to the girl's face, and his pulses quicken as he sees her bend down and press her lips to the rude letters. In a moment she starts up, as if fearful of having been seen, and her face grows deadly pale when she turns and finds herself face to face with the object of her thoughts. But she quickly recovers herself; and the "Good evening, Mr. St. Quintin," is tolerably steady.

"Good evening, Miss Marjoribanks," he answers. "Fortune has favored me once more. I have just called at Holmehurst, and was told you were taking a walk, so I decided to stroll in the direction."

"Indeed! I don't know why you should take so much trouble," she says. It is hard to be cold to him; but she remembers the walk through the corn-fields, and that helps her. "Did you wish to see papa, Mr. St. Quintin?" she asks. "He has gone up to London; but I will give him any message you wish to send."

"No—I have no message for your father," Vere replies; "but I have something I wish to say to you, and it is this—will you be my wife, Ruby?" He takes her hand in his and goes on.

"Yes, darling—be my wife, for I love you with all the strength of a man's first and last love! Look up, dearest, and say, 'Vere, your love is returned!'"

He stoops to kiss her; but she draws back, and asks—

"Why do you love me?"

"Why do I love you, my queen?" he echoes. "How can I help loving you for your beauty and your sweetness? That is a foolish question, darling."

"Then what do you offer me in return?" she asks.

Vere thinks the question a strange one, but reflects that all women are more or less mercenary, so he is not much disconcerted.

"Why, to be mistress of St. Quintin's, to wear the loveliest jewels, to drive the handsomest of equipages—in short, to be a little queen of society; and last, but not least, to be loved with such a love as was never yet bestowed upon woman!" Taking a small case from his pocket, he opens it, and discloses a valuable diamond-and-ruby ring. "Darling, say the words I wish," he urges, "and I will place this on your finger as a pledge that I am yours now and for ever!"

Ruby calmly gazes at the costly ring for a moment, then looking Vere full in the face with cold scornful eyes, she says—

"Thank you, Mr. St. Quintin; but 'the game's not worth the candle'!"

Had Ruby's small white hands dealt him a terrible blow, Vere could not have been more surprised. The proud St. Quintin blood surges through his veins, and his voice trembles with suppressed passion as he ans wers—

"Miss Marjoribanks, you mock me! I am in no mood for idle jests!"

"It is no jest, Mr. St. Quintin!" replies the girl, in passionate ringing tones. "Know now, if you never did before, that there is at least one woman in the world who would scorn to throw herself away on a vain heartless specimen of manhood like yourself!"

"Who says I am vain and heartless?" he demands, confronting her with flashing eyes. "Whoever it may be tells falsehoods! Miss Marjoribanks, you love me in spite of your pretended scorn! I have proofs of it here!"—and he points to the letter on the stile. "Can you deny having kissed what you knew to be the work of my hands?" And at that recollection all his anger dies away and his face grows tender. "Oh, Ruby, my darling," he pleads, "forgive me!"—and he kneels before her. "Here at your feet, my queen, I kneel for pardon; say that it is not in vain! I swear to you that I have never loved before! Oh, tell me, my darling, that you will forgive me and be my wife!"—and the tones of his voice are full of passionate earnestness.

"Never, Mr. St Quintin! I hate your very name, and never wish to see your face again!"

Then she runs hurriedly past him, leaving him lying with his face buried in his hands.

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The golden autumn has given way to bleak chilly winter. The trees stretch out their bare leafless branches to the leaden sky, and cold cheerless blasts sweep by with a fierceness that almost threatens to uproot them, while the driving rain drenches to the skin the few unfortunate pedestrians who from necessity are compelled to keep out of-doors.

One of the unfortunate few who have ventured out in Grant Desborough, who pulls up the collar of his thick overcoat and strides on, battling manfully against the fierce wind and pelting rain. He stops before the gates of St. Quintin's, and rings the bell with an air of relief.

"What a day to be out, sir!" says the lodge-keeper, trying with one hand to keep her apron from flying over her head and with the other to draw the heavy bolt.

"Yes, Mrs. Bates; it is certainly not inviting. How is my aunt to-day?" he asks.

"Much about the same, sir," she answers. "The housekeeper tells me she is dreadfully low spirited. It's my opinion she'll not be herself again until Mr. Vere comes back."

"No—I fear not. Good evening, Mrs. Bates!"

"Good evening, sir!" returns the woman, glad to get back to her cheerful fire and tea and toast.

The magnificent mansion of St. Quintin's has a forlorn appearance in the gray uncertain light of the departing day; many of the blinds are drawn down, the billiard and smoking rooms have their shutters closed, and as Grant passes the kennels he hears the mournful howling of the dogs.

"How changed it all looks!" he says to himself. "Who would imagine that the absence of one person would make such a difference?"

He ascends the broad terrace steps that lead up to the house, and passes through the spacious hall, where the life-sized ancestral portraits of the St. Quintins look down gloomily from the oak panelling. He is shown into the large lofty dining-room. The sole occupant of the vast room is Mrs. St. Quintin. She is a tall majestic woman. Unyielding pride is expressed in the haughty curved nostrils, erect head, and compressed lips.

She has evidently been a beauty in her day, and is still a handsome woman. Her hair is snow-white, and she wears it dressed high over a cushion and fastened with a pair of diamond pins. Her rich black silk velvet dress sweeps the ground in luxurious folds, and the rare old rose-point ruffles are of fabulous value. Yet, with all her costly surroundings, Mrs. St. Quintin looks far from happy as she advances with stately tread to greet her nephew.

"How are you, aunt?" he asks, leading her back to her seat and replacing her foot-stool. "I should have called yesterday, but had an important case in hand that detained me rather late."

"Thank you, Grant, I am not very well," she answers, in her calm patrician tones. "I miss my dear boy more every day. I had a letter from him this morning, in which he says nothing definite as to his return. I cannot think why he is seized with such a mania for traveling, especially at this time of year."

Mrs. St. Quintin little guessed when Vere came home that fateful evening months ago, looking woefully pale and haggard, that he had been rejected and spurned by one who, according to her views, might consider it an hour to be addressed by a St. Quintin at all. She never doubted the truth of his statement that he was "out of sorts," and only required a change to bring him round.

"I too had a letter from him to-day," says Grant; "and that is partly the reason why I am here to-night. I thought you might not have received one, and I know how anxious you are about his welfare."

"Poor boy," replies Mrs. Quintin, "I know he cannot be well, or he would never leave me for so long!"—and the firm lips quiver.

"You may rest assured he's all right, aunt, or he would have mentioned it. Vere was never one to suffer silently. Why, if his finger ached, every one knew of it," answers Grant consolingly, at the same time having his own misgivings, as the morning's epistle was anything but cheerful.

"Will you remain to dinner, Grant?" asks Mrs. St. Quintin.

"No, thanks, aunt; I have promised to dine at Eagleshurst this evening, otherwise I should be delighted to stay and keep you company."

"How is Miss Stanhope?"

"Quite well, thanks."

"I suppose you'll soon be getting married?"

"Yes—in the early spring," he answers; "the day is not yet fixed; but I hope, aunt, you will favor us with your presence on that auspicious occasion?"

"Yes, Grant, if my dear boy has returned and is well," she returns, with a sigh.

"Oh, he is sure to be back by then; besides, it could not well come off without him—he is to be the best man!"

"I wish Vere would follow your example, Grant; it is time he married. He will be twenty eight next month. But my boy is so particular," she says, with a proud smile, "that few would suit his fastidious taste; and you cannot wonder at it; with his refinement, position, and appearance, no one is too good for him."

"Ah, well, aunt, some fine day, when we least expect it, we shall hear of his meeting the one just suited to his mind;" and, rising, Grant takes leave of Mrs. St. Quintin, promising to call again when next he hears from Vere.

* * * * * *

Leaning back against the soft cushions of a first-class railway carriage one cold December afternoon is a beautiful girl. She draws her long fur-lined cloak more closely round her as the cold grows more intense.

Ruby Marjoribanks is going on a visit to Desborough Park. It is the week before Christmas, and she is to return to London before the twenty fifth.

Mrs. Desborough has kept up a constant correspondence with her favorite, and has sent her many invitations, which have until now always been refused. She is not offended however, pretty well guessing the reason that prompts the excuses, for Grant has hinted at the state of affairs between Ruby and his cousin; so, beyond mentioning that Vere has gone abroad, and will not probably return for many months, she never mentions him in her letters; and Ruby is equally silent on the subject.

"My dear child, how shockingly ill you look!" is Mrs. Desborough's greeting.

"I am quite well," Ruby answers, "but very cold. The window of the railway-carriage was open, and I couldn't manage to close it, so that accounts for my pale face;" and a bright flush accompanies the words.

Evidently this explanation does not satisfy Mrs. Desborough; she scans the girl's face with pitying eyes, noting sadly how the happy light in the bright eyes has given place to a mournful wistful expression sad to see in one so fair and young.

"Well, darling, we will go up-stairs; and, when you have taken off your things, we will have a quiet cup of tea before Grant comes in. We must make haste and bring back the roses, or he'll think it's the ghost of Ruby Marjoribanks, instead of the little lady herself;" and the kind old lady strokes the thin cheeks lovingly.

"And now, my child, you had better go and lie down for an hour before dinner; it will rest you after your long journey," says Mrs. Desborough, after they have finished tea.

"Thank you, Mrs. Desborough, but I really am not tired," Ruby answers.

"Never mind; I know what is best for you, so run away!"

Slowly ascending the wide staircase, Ruby pauses at the door of the picture-gallery, determined to amuse herself there for a short time before obeying Mrs. Desborough's orders, for she wishes to look at a certain portrait hanging at the far-end of the gallery—a portrait she has gazed at for many a half-hour. Closing the door, she stops before a portrait of a young man. Careless blue eyes look out from the canvas as if mocking the girl who stands gazing raptly into them; and the well-formed mouth seems to smile in derision of her pain.

"Oh, Vere, my love!" she cries in agony. "Why was I so cruel to you? And I could not have loved you then, darling, or I should not have treated you so; but you are revenge now. Oh, Vere, my love, how gladly I would lie down and die at your feet!" and, sinking down on a crimson fauteuil, the girl buries her face in the cushions and sobs aloud.

She does not hear the door open softly or see a man enter in a thick traveling

ulster. His foot falls silently on the thick carpet as he approaches the fauteuil, wondering whence the sobs proceed and to whom belongs the floating golden hair that ripples almost to the ground.

He cannot be mistaken. Tenderly laying his hand on the bowed head, he says, in a trembling voice—

"Ruby, have you forgiven me? Will you not speak to me once again?"—and, raising a tress of her hair, he kisses it with passionate fervor. "Oh, Ruby, be generous and forgive me! I shall soon be far away perhaps never to return; do not let me go without one kind word!"

Quickly rising, Ruby throws herself at his feet.

"I am the one," she cries, "who should ask for forgiveness! Yes—I, who derided and spurned a love for the loss of which I am dying! Oh, Vere, as you knelt to me on that autumn evening long ago so I kneel to you now, begging—nay, imploring your pardon!"

He tries to raise her, but in vain. With streaming eyes and clenched hands, she continues—

"No; let me kneel here while I tell you that, in spite of my cruelty, I loved you even then with a quenchless love! Still, I was angry with you for a few thoughtless words, and determined to humble you. But it is I who have been humbled, for my love is killing me!"—and, exhausted by her vehemence, she falls forward to the ground.

"Ruby, my darling, can it be true that you have grieved for me?" he asks joyfully, raising her in his strong arms. "Look up now and smile your own bright smile, and then I shall believe it!" he adds, trying to cheer her.

And Ruby grows calm once more under his soothing words and kisses.

"And now, dear," he urges, "say the words that ought to have been spoken long ago—'I love you, Vere, and will be your wife'!"

And Ruby obediently complies.

"But what will Mrs. St. Quintin say?" she asks at length, a cloud coming over her face. "She will not think me good enough for you."

"Just recall that statement, if you please, Miss Ruby, and don't disparage my property! By-the-way," he adds, laughing, "can't you call to mind any defunct titled ancestor?"

"My grandfather was the 'Honorable Edward Marjoribanks,'" she answers, with a proud little gesture. "Will he do?"

"Capitally! Now don't laugh, darling, if you hear yourself introduced as 'the granddaughter of the Honorable Edward Marjoribanks.' My mother thinks so much of that sort of thing!"

"You won't go away now, will you, Vere?" asks Ruby.

"No, Queenie," he answers. "'The Game is not Worth the Candle'!"

In Exchange.

BY M. M.

THE red sun had sunk out of sight; had disappeared in a flame of gold behind the golden cornfields, and slowly above the mysterious mountain heights which frowned overhead, above the straight sad pines with their mournful song, the moon now stole through the clouds, silvering a path through the dark pines to the crags above, showing by that silver line the road that led to where the Dark Witch dwelt.

The lady looked shudderingly around when the silver path ended in that desolate, still darkness, but her courage did not fail. Was it not here that she was destined to leave the burden she had borne so long?

"Dark Witch," she called softly—loudly.

And then started as if in alarm when the expected form drew near—when the expected voice answered:

"Who calls?"

It was not exactly such a witch that the lady had expected or feared. This woman, beautiful and young, with eyes dark as some still hidden mountain tarn where a passing storm has left a dream or a memory; with raven hair silvered in the moonlight—moonlight which cast no shadow at her feet.

"Help me," the lady wailed. "It is to you they have bid me come; for you, they tell me, will ease me of my aching, agonized heart."

She lowered her voice as if to hide her wish from the evening air, but it caught the words, for there came at once a mournful sigh from the sombre watching pines.

"Is the heart you offer"—the witch's voice was cold and calm—"a human heart weighed down with agony? Does it ache and throb and beat at its bars like a captive bird? Does it agonize at a cruel word, as if it were a blow? Has it known the heights of transcendent joy before it broke at the loss?"

"It has known all sorrow," the lady cried, and the tears ran down her cheeks. "That I am young in years you would never guess; each beat of my heart has dug the grave where my youth and beauty sleep."

The lady's shadow, slim and tall, stretched to the feet of the witch, where they rested in naked whiteness, shadowless, on the rocky ground. She turned her eyes to the lady's tears, those eyes, that like a mountain tarn were dark with the secrets of life and death, and:

"The heart is one that I seek," she said "I will buy it from you for one who needs it."

"And the price?" the lady cried. "Tell me that I may know. What shall I lose? It were well I should understand."

Her sorrowing eyes, her clinging hands seemed to command the answer that the witch paused before she gave.

"For such a heart, so sorely do I need it, I will give you one in gold and amber. It will serve your purpose just as well. A heart of gold and amber does not ache and throb"—the lady smiled. "It will serve your body just as well—but your soul," and her voice faded away into the moonlight around, "will be within sight of hell."

But the lady did not heed or hear, for the cold white hands of the Dark Witch were soothing with their touch the agonized beats of the heart that had taught her so much; under the touch the pain was passing from her eyes, and the lines from her face, and she was buying something which she had never known. And in the peace the words of the Dark Witch were ceasing to bear any meaning.

"You will miss nothing," she said; "the world will be just the same—only sometimes you will hear a word that you will not be able to understand. I have told you the purchase price."

The lady walks the sunlit world, happy and gay and bright; no shadow from that forgotten night steals over her with unquiet pain. The golden heart serves its purpose well, its throbs bring no sharp torture, and her eyes have grown so young that they seem to be reflecting wells of light. All goes as happily as the Dark Witch foretold, and the murmur about her soul perhaps never reached her ears—and a soul keeps out of sight. But sometimes as she stands where the evening breeze sighs through quiet dark pines, or where breakers flash and the gulls fly low with a warning cry, sometimes even when the world is smiling back an answer to her smiles, there steals to the golden jeweled heart a word she cannot understand, for the key of that word is buried in the sorrowing human heart which beats its throbs of pain, where the naked feet of the Dark Witch walk the world, no longer shadowless.

KINDERGARTEN.

Among the serious problems that interest parents is that of the best means of training children between the ages of four and seven years. It is one of the most important periods of life when the child is brought in contact with the circumstances, extraneous from home influences, which give inclination to the growing character. Parents have long experienced the want of a system of training or education, by means of which these years of the child's life might be made profitable as well as pleasant, and turned to advantage in forwarding proper mental and physical development.

In this country very little has been accomplished toward supplying this want, and consequently children of this age became a most perplexing care to their parents, or are temporarily abandoned by them to their own devices.

In Germany this subject has received a great deal of attention, and the Kindergarten system, invented by Froebel, has been generally introduced. The published reports, and the testimony of persons who have witnessed the practical operations of the system, show that the most gratifying results have been attained. Some experiments upon a modified plan have been tried in London and elsewhere with good results.

Briefly stated, the Kindergarten system consists in making the child's play the instrument of its largest culture. While it has always been a matter of common observation that the earliest years of human life are devoted to play, educators have entirely ignored this circumstance while seeking a proper system for the development of the child's powers.

Fondness of play has been regarded as an obstructing element in the way of all efficient instruction, an inclination to be held in rigid check. Froebel taught that the true system of culture was in following nature—that "what nature is striving to do in the plays of childhood it is the business of the teacher's to take up and foster."

The idea is to have the play organized and reduced to some sort of an intelligent system arranged with reference to certain inherent capabilities of human nature, which are man testing themselves constantly in the varied amusements of children.

Thus it is observed that the instinct for cultivating the soil is common to nearly all children; everybody is a natural-born gardener. This instinct is turned to account in the Kindergarten, where each child learns to take care of its own little garden patch, to dig, to rake, and to water, and then to watch and study the processes of nature in the opening of the buds and blooming of flowers.

The same plan is pursued for developing the plastic and artistic instincts of the children. Great stress is laid upon the education of the hands in early years, when the flexibility and softness of the limbs fit them to be easily trained to facile movements—a matter of equal importance whether the hand in training is in the future to glide over the keys of a piano or wield a pen or plane.

The Kindergarten is on all sides designed to meet the formative instincts of the child. Building and shaping are going on in all sorts of material. Miniature houses and utensils are formed of wooden blocks and sticks, while working in paper—folding, cutting, etc.—furnishes an opportunity to practise endless artifices of the hand.

In this way the hand and the senses are trained to dexterity and technical skill, which are useful in all departments of life. Children receive only the material, not ready-made objects, which they are allowed to fashion according to their own personal choice under the guidance of the teacher. It is intended that the production, however small and insignificant, shall be original and not merely imitative. The greatest care is taken to preserve the individuality of the children, so that the work of each one shall bear the impress of an individual peculiarity in process of training.

IN HIS CABIN.—Mr. James Payn tells of an amusing incident which took place the other day on board an Australian liner. A shy Australian major, after spending the first evening very late with his friends in the saloon, suddenly returned to them, after saying "Good-night," and requested an interview with the purser. He was very white.

"There is a lady," he said, "in my cabin—No 12."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the purser.

"Here's the list; your companion is Captain Higginson."

"Nothing will induce me to go into the cabin again," said the major.

"Well, I'll go," returned the other.

He returned with great celerity, and with as white a face as the major's.

"Upon my life, you are right! We'll put you somewhere else for the night, and see about it in the morning."

With the earliest dawn they sought the steward and demanded an explanation.

"It's all a mistake, gentlemen," he said. "It's Captain Higginson all right: here's his luggage."

"We must have this explained," said the purser.

"This portmanteau is unlocked; let us see what is in it."

It contained a lady's wearing apparel.

"By Jingo," cried the steward, "that's what comes of taking names as don't belong to us! She said she was Captain Higginson; but she didn't say as it was only in the Salvation Army!"

"DONALD," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the catechism to her son, "what's slander?"—"A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid. "A wood, I hardly ken, unless it be an ewer true tale which one gude woman tells of anither."

All who use Dobbins Electric Soap praise it as the best, cheapest and most economical family soap made. Try it and you will try it once. It will tell a still stronger tale of its merits itself. Please try it. Your grocer will supply you.

At Home and Abroad.

Dr. Burggrave, of Ghent, who has passed his 100th year, has written a book on longevity. The only way to live long, he says, is for each person to live according to his proper individuality, to select what is good for one's self and to avoid all else. In other words, one must live as nearly as possible in harmony with his surroundings. The contented mind, the happy heart—these things prolong life more than dieting and regular hours of sleep.

Austin Corbin's great park in New Hampshire attracts the increasing attention of tourists as one of the wonders of this country. The mere surface facts about the park, such as that it includes 25,000 acres, that it is stocked with buffalo, a herd of 75; wild boar, moose, elk, deer, foxes, partridges and other game, four-footed and winged, do not tell all its wonders, which never disappoint the expectation of visitors. The public is admitted after complying with certain simple regulations.

Every visitor to Japan is impressed with the many curious uses to which fans are put. The umpire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a large fan, shaped like a butterfly, and the various motions of this fan constitutes a language which the combatants fully understand and promptly heed. Men and children, as well as women, use fans at all times. The servant girl has a flat fan, made of rough paper, to blow the charcoal fires with or use as a dust pan; the farmer has a stout fan to winnow his grain; and another variety is made of waterproof paper, which can be dipped in water, and creates great coolness by evaporation without wetting the clothes.

An illustration of how space is annihilated by the telegraph was afforded a few days ago by two telegraph clerks sitting opposite each other in a Chicago office. One of them was sending a message to New Orleans; the other was receiving a message from the same city. The sender wanted to borrow a plug of tobacco from his colleague, but it would have been a breach of the rules to ask for it. He thereupon wired to New Orleans and asked the receiver there to tell his partner to hand him a "chew." In less than a minute the plug came over the glass partition which separated the two operators. The message had traveled considerably over a thousand miles, although only a yard separated one operator from another.

To make the wooden butter dishes seen in groceries the heavy timber is cut into blocks 10 or 12 inches in length and boiled in huge vats until thoroughly softened. The hot blocks are placed in machines which scoop out the butter dishes at the rate of 200 a minute. A carved knife revolving on a spindle does the work, the block being automatically advanced with each revolution of the spindle, and a knife working up and down taking off a slice just the thickness of the plate, so as to leave the surface the same as before. The dishes are scooped out of the solid wood exactly as they are found at the grocery, and all that is done to them after they leave the machine is to dry and pack them.

It was not long since that a preacher in a Western State astonished his congregation by going through, in his pulpit, the giddy mazes of the entrancing waltz as an object lesson against the alleged sin of dancing. Later still, another minister, not quite so far away from home, during his sermon produced a deck of cards, and by exhibiting various schemes of cheating showed how sinners may and do fall from grace by nefarious manipulation of the pasteboards. Brooklyn, of course, was not to be outdone; lately a clergyman of that city, introduced a "bike" into his pulpit and drew an analogy between it and human nature. He also drew a distinction between riders who take Sunday spins for relaxation and those who don secular "sweaters" and go forth for their own pleasure.

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Our Young Folks.

MASTER DICK'S PARTY.

BY L. F. A.

"WELL, my boy, have you enjoyed yourself to-day?" said the old colonel, when Dick came into the library to wish him "good-night."

"Oh yes, uncle. I had great fun out on the common with Granny Mapstraw's donkey."

The colonel leant back in his chair, and looked up from his book.

"All right, my boy; I say nothing against your choice of a companion. You and the donkey seem to understand each other. Good-night."

"Good night, sir," said Dick, and still lingered.

"Well, what is it?"

"Uncle," said Dick slowly, "before I go back to school—if you wouldn't mind much—I should like to give a birthday party."

"What day?" said the indulgent uncle.

"After to-morrow—Thursday would be as good as any," said Dick calmly.

"Which day is your birthday?" said the old gentleman, rousing up.

"I have not got one," said the boy—"at least, not this year."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"It is just the fact, sir. I thought I might have a party, because I have not got a birthday."

This was such a startling reason that the colonel could not refrain from bursting into laughter.

"You see, sir," said the boy, "I am cheated out of having one regularly every year, like other fellows. If one counted my age by the number of real ones I have had, I should be only three."

"A fine growth for three!" said the colonel, looking at the bright boy of twelve.

"You see," said Dick, "I only get my twenty-ninth of February every four years; so I put a lot of other birthdays in between to make up."

"About a dozen, I suppose?" said his uncle.

"More or less," said Dick. "I always try to have one in the holidays."

And that was how Dick obtained permission to give a party. There were two girl cousins in the house, and a few families in the neighborhood whom they knew; so at very short notice all were invited by cards, on the corner of which Master Dick drew a boy standing on his head, with the words below inviting Miss Such-a-one and Master This-or-that to an upside down sort of party at Furzebush House.

The uncle was a little shocked, and said there was to be no tumbling head over heels in Furzebush House.

"What do you mean by an upside-down sort of party?" he asked, rather sternly.

"Oh, not standing on our heads, uncle, but just doing things the opposite way to the usual thing."

The uncle looked doubtful and shook his head. But he tried to be good-humored, in spite of anxiety.

"Well, I hope you have asked the donkey. Or can you do without your constant companion?"

"Poor Neddy! I shall keep a piece of cake for him," said Dick. "At least I can do that."

Every night during his visit to his uncle the boy went to the library to say "Good-night." The old gentleman sat with his back to the door, his feet on the fender and a book on his knee.

"Now, my dear boy, as to-morrow evening," he said. "Your visitors come at four, and you must all be up no later than half-past nine. You may do what you like, but keep to those hours. The housekeeper will give you tea very early, and supper at nine."

"Thank you, uncle," said Dick; "but we must begin with supper. It is all to be upside down, you know."

"Just as you like," said the colonel, laughing. "Put everything upside down except the hours. Good-night."

Next day Dick was quite too full to keep still for a moment. It seemed as if four o'clock would never come.

Have you ever heard of the jaterchair, that the sitter could twist into five hundred different positions? It was advertised as "suitable for boys home for the holidays." That chair would just have suited Dick on the day of his "upside-down sort of party."

The guests came in good time: girls of all ages in short white dresses and big sashes, boys looking a little uncomfortable at first with their best jackets on, their white ties, turn-down collars, and gloves.

An accident had happened to Master Dick's gloves. He had a nice lavender kid pair, only worn once at the prize day at school; but in the morning he tried to wash them, and the result was hopeless.

"It does not do to be too neat; it is a great mistake," said Dick, shaking his head. "Never mind, we are beginning with supper first thing; and then they will all have their gloves off, and lose them under the table."

The girls had to take the boys to supper; nor could any boy get his share of jelly or pigeon-pie unless a girl asked him would he like to have some.

All order was reversed, and they began with the sweets and went on to the meat. This, of course, was Dick's plan: he could never understand why pudding should not come first when one was really hungry.

It was rather hard on the boys to have to wait for the girls to ask them: the girls, with their freshly-curled hair and pretty dresses, all so shy at first that they themselves hardly wanted to eat, much less to take care of the boys.

"I say," a boy would remark, "Ethel, do ask me to have some more of that jolly custardy jammy thing; I don't know what you call it."

"No, thank you," Ethel would say.

"But I want it myself," the boy would explain, losing patience. "You must ask me to have it, or I can't get at it. There, now! Polly has passed it off to the other fellows, and I am done for."

"What is the matter?" from Dick, who was well taken care of at the top of the table.

"Nothing; only the girls are starving us," the neglected boys would say.

"Well, what will you have, then?" from the girls. "Have some pigeon-pie?"

"Oh, no! Who could look at it just after jam?"

The upside down supper, at such an untimely hour, was over soon, and they went to the drawing-room, where Dick's uncle's and a few grown-up friends were having afternoon tea.

The two little daughters of the houses were very proud of a rather noisy duet that they had learned at school; and now they sat down to the piano, quite hidden behind it, as its back was turned out from the walls.

"You must do it upside down," said Dick, bending over them. "You must play the top part down in the bass, Ida, and Joan must do the bass up here."

"Oh no!" cried the girls; "we are not going to spoil it."

"Very well," said Dick.

But after the first page they heard everybody in the room laughing, and their father's voice called—

"Dick, Dick! no more of that."

And then they found that Master Dick had been standing at the end of the piano, pretending to turn a handle as hard as he could.

"Come along now to the next street," he said, pretending to drag off his piano-organ. "Will the gentleman give us a penny for going away? I had always a turn for music."

"Dick," said the colonel, with his white moustache twitching with a smile, even while he tried to be stern, "go out of the room. You have spoiled the girls' music. Go downstairs, sir!"

"May all the others come too, uncle?" said Dick. "We might have blindman's buff in the playroom on new and original principles."

"What do you want to do?" said the colonel.

"Blindman's buff reversed, you know," said Dick. "All blind men except one. They will be all hunting each other and catching each other, until they catch the right one."

The game was set going in a big room downstairs. Dick said it would be a terrible thing to see so many running after one, and he would sacrifice himself, and be the first to be hunted.

In the confusion and knocking together that followed, after a long time of catching and letting go, one by one the "blind men" slipped off their handkerchiefs, and sat in corners to watch the crowd of others feeling about. The first thing they noticed was that it was no wonder they had not caught Dick, for whereas all their eyes were bandaged he had gone out of the room.

They said it was too bad of him to play them such a trick, and they were already starting another game, when Dick came back, hot from running, and with several bumps and cross scars.

"So sorry," said he, "I was—seeing a friend. The fact is, I am getting ready a charade. I shall want Joan or Ida to get some things for dressing up."

The vexation with Dick was forgotten in the prospect of charades. But Dick's next absence was too long for anyone's patience. At last he came back with a key in his hand.

"It can't be done," he said. "I brought in something on purpose for this charade, and I can't find it now—it is mislaid. Joan was making up a grand Spanish costume for the first syllable, and this was the second syllable," holding out the key. "But we don't know where the whole word has got to."

Joan came in laughing, with a dish cover in her hands and a red dressing-gown on her arm.

"Let some one else find another word," she said. "There are royal robes and armor, and all sorts of things outside."

Dick was no longer master of the revels. Some of the other boys got up charades with success, though to carry out the upside down plan, the whole word was acted first, then the last syllable, and then the beginning.

The housekeeper served very weak tea and cake at nine.

"Oh, can't we have sandwiches? We are all hungry," said Dick.

"I am carrying out your own arrangements, Master Dick," said the housekeeper stiffly.

She was generally kind and pleasant; something had offended her.

"Upside-down arrangements don't always do," said Dick. "You don't know how hungry we are."

The sandwiches came, but the good woman surprised Dick by complaining that he should not have taken the milk, which was set for cream, nor should he have thrown the master's salad about the pantry.

"The colonel is going to speak to you, sir. I warrant you won't play those tricks again."

This made poor Dick very unhappy, and when his guests were gone he wondered how the mistake could have arisen, and whether his uncle was really angry.

The colonel had been dozing in his library chair, when he woke up, remembering that it was Dick's hour for saying "Good-night."

"Are you there, Dick?" he said. "I am awake. You need not be afraid to make a noise. Look here, now: I have a word to say. I have heard something about your going to the pantry and throwing salad about. If I catch you annoying the servants, I shall be very angry."

A heavy snort was the answer.

The colonel turned round. There, all alive and looking very big and hairy in the room, was Granny Mapstraw's donkey.

The colonel sprang to his feet just as Dick arrived on the scene. "How dare you?" he cried. The donkey seemed to take all the blame to himself, for without hearing another word, he went lumbering out of the room at a trot, nearly knocking Dick down.

Had not the colonel said that he hoped the donkey would be asked to the party? Dick did not dare to remind him of that, but he said simply the truth: that he brought the donkey in for a charade "and mislaid him," and perhaps he visited the pantry.

"Good-night," said his uncle, who believed him, and forgave. But when the boy was gone, he marked the end of the holidays on the almanack.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—Whenever you can conscientiously encourage any one, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window-boxes without water or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement.

There are a few hardy souls that can struggle on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dew and the sunbeams—vines that will climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can; give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved.

The thought that "no one cares and no one knows" blights many a bud of promise. Whether it be the young artist at his easel, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or the little girl at her piano, give what praise you can, for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have established them.

Do not wear Impermeation and thus letting nuts that construct the nourishment of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be bald.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Mexicans eat salt with their oranges.

Berlin ranks as the healthiest city in the world.

Twelve thousand people are regularly employed in the London theatres.

English postage stamps are gummed with a solution made from potatoes.

It is estimated that, on an average, gold in circulation wears out in 240 years.

Dried fish was formerly, and is still to some extent, a medium of exchange in Iceland.

The Hindoos have no word for "friend," but use the word meaning "brother" instead.

South America has the greatest unbroken extent of level surface of any country in the world.

Every tiny protuberance on a branch of coral represents a living animal, which grows from it like a plant.

Sea water contains silver in considerable quantities. It is often found deposited on the copper sheathing of ships.

Mississippi has a convict farm, and it is not only self supporting, but actually yields a profit of something like $50,000.

Free passes on Russian railways are now entirely abolished, even railway officials and employes being required to pay their fares.

A new census of Russia will be taken in the autumn. It is proposed to complete the work in a single day. The last census was taken in 1885.

More ducks are raised and consumed in China than in any other country in the world, some of the duck-farms there producing as many as 50,000 in one year.

The general testimony of European countries that have abolished capital punishment is that since the change there has been no consequent increase of crime.

The color of the sea is usually described as blue, but it is by no means uniform in shade. In the tropics it is sometimes an indigo blue, at others a deep green.

The flowers of the pumpkin were cooked and eaten by some of the tribes of the American Indians, especially by the Aztecs, by whom they were highly esteemed.

Chinese clocks puzzle strangers. The dials turn round, while the hands are stationary. There are two dials on each clock, one for the hours, the other to indicate the minutes.

Experiments as to the use of dogs for carrying mails in war time are being conducted by the Austrian army authorities, and it is said have been attended with considerable success.

A Danbury hen has laid an egg the shape of a dumb-bell, the connecting link being the only portion out of proportion. One of the spheres contained the yolk and the other the white.

Photography may yet be used in medicine. An English photographer took a picture of a boy. The negative showed the face to be covered with an eruption. Three days later this became visible to the eye.

When a member of the royal family of Corea dies every grown male in the country has to wear a white hat for three years. If he wears any other kind he is liable to be visited with the severest penalties.

A wounded sea lion on the beach at Bar Harbor, Me., which a hunter had shot and then bound, dragged the hunter and his canoe into the surf, and got the rope so entangled about the horse that the hunter had to abandon his animal and swim for his life.

Japanese jinrikisha men solicit custom by crying: "If the honorable lord does not [illegible] the trouble of too much illustri[illegible] my fare will be only twenty cents. I endeavored to make gracious use of this [illegible]."

An international exhibition is to be held during the summer at Amsterdam. One of its novelties will be an electric restaurant, where, by simply depressing a button, any dish supplied by guests will rise and descend as [illegible] waiters being visible.

A triumph of art over nature was illustrated recently when a well known English artist made a painting of some old beech trees in a forest pasture, which he sold for $1400. The owner of the pasture sold his land and the trees to a lumberman for $500, and called it a good [illegible].

London's street names are a source of endless confusion. There are now 151 Church streets, 141 Queen streets and 116 New streets. Britain's loyalty is shown in 99 Queen, 55 King and 52 Prince streets, while royal homes are [illegible] Windsor, 8 Clarence and 7 Elizabeth streets.

[illegible] sitting horse were to [illegible] the horse would [illegible] with comparative [illegible] were raised in that direction, and [illegible] would be [illegible] the same [illegible] strength when exerted [illegible] to the hind legs than in forward pushing.

SOLITUDE.

BY S. J.

Strange pensive spirit, wandering afar,
Hiding thy beauty in the leafy wood,
Flinging thy blushing from the evening star,
Kind angel comforter and chiefest good
Of those who long for dear ones far away;
Of those who mourn Life's golden blossoms faded,
At morn or even, wheresoe'er they stray,
They love to be by thy soft wing o'ershaded;
For, when strange faces crowd about our way,
The waiting, hoping heart grows faint and jaded,
Longing to taste the crystal streams that flow
Cooling and fresh, unseen by mortal eyes,
From sources that the crowd may never know,
Because from Thought and Solitude they rise.

STOWAWAYS.

It has been found that, just as there are vagrants on land, so they abound on the sea, in the shape of stowaways. An excellent illustration is on record, showing what a number of voyages can be made by one stowaway within a comparatively short space of time. The individual in question began at Glasgow, and concealed himself on a boat about to start for Liverpool.

Upon reaching that place, he shipped himself on a liner bound for Boston, Mass. This vessel had to bring him back again, by direction of the United States officials. The cause of this will be explained later on. Again, the Atlantic liner was patronized; but he was discovered at Queenstown. Some of the passengers, pitying his wretched appearance when brought on deck, subscribed sufficient money to pay the culprit's passage to New York. Two or three more times he managed to reach Liverpool, subsequently having his fare paid, before again reaching American ports.

This game, however, got played out, and he set out for the Far West, traveling as usual free of expense. Arriving at San Francisco, he stowed himself away on a ship loading for Melbourne. Thence he got to Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong-kong, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Port Said and Malta. At each place he landed, and traveled by another vessel.

At Malta, this enterprising stowaway actually concealed himself on board a British warship—the Serapis. At Port Said he was conveyed ashore, and given into the hands of the British Consul with instructions to send him to England. This was done; and in due course the prisoner was brought up at a London police court, where, being remanded, all the foregoing facts were elicited. Were the incidents not so well authenticated, it would be very difficult to credit such a story.

In addition to being a nuisance and expense, stowaways incur great danger of a violent death. In one instance a man hid himself away in a chain locker, and when the anchor was hove-up, the unfortunate creature was crushed to death, the noise made by the steam winch and the rattling of the chain drowning his cries.

Upon another occasion, a man was found dead under the main hatch of one of the National Line of steamers. He had concealed himself before the vessel left Liverpool, and died of suffocation. Curiously enough, in his pocket was found a novel entitled "Doomed on the Deep."

In a third case, a man hid himself in the forepart of a steamer bound for London. While proceeding up the river Thames, she collided with another steamer, and the stowaway was crushed to death.

With regard to vessels in the American trade, the hardships that have to be borne by captains having the misfortune to be patronized by stowaways are very great. Should one succeed in landing, upon arriving at any of the United States ports, the captain is liable to a fine of one thousand dollars.

When a stowaway is found, the authorities have to be informed of the fact directly port is reached. He is then taken ashore, and maintained at the vessel's expense until she is ready to return, when he is conveyed on board again, and has to be taken whence he came. The singular number is used in the foregoing, but that is usually exceeded.

In August, 1891, forty-five stowaways were discovered on board the steamer "Highington," when on a voyage from Liverpool to Galveston. Fortunately, this was done in time to enable part being landed in the Mersey, and the remainder at Waterford—for they were found in two batches. Last November, several sets, varying from five to sixteen in number, were returned from America in the manner already described.

Stowaways are very common in the East, and many as well as curious dodges are resorted to by natives—well able to pay the passage-money—in order to obtain a trip for nothing.

Thus, in June last, six Japanese girls packed up in matting were removed from the Japan mail steamer before leaving Nagasaki for Shanghai. In April of the same year, nine Japanese men and one woman stowed themselves away on a vessel sailing from Yokohama to San Francisco, and of course had to be taken back again. Eight Chinamen concealed themselves on a steamer trading between Penang and Rangoon. When found, the captain had them all well flogged; and upon reaching port, each received from the magistrate a month's "rigorous" imprisonment.

The days of the stowaway—so far as America and England are concerned—are numbered. Three months' hard labor in the latter country is too long a spell of industry for such folk. Gradually they will become extinct, and the sooner this comes to pass the better.

A CURIOUS discovery is said to have been made by a gentleman who has recently returned from Antwerp. Supporting the feet of an ecclesiastical figure in the cathedral, on the right hand side of the choir looking towards the high altar, there is a carved head that bears a singularly exact resemblance to that of Mr. Gladstone; while the face of the corresponding figure on the left hand presents an equally accurate likeness to Lord Beaconsfield. It is certainly a strange thing that the counterfeit presentment of the two great and once rival English statesmen should be found in such circumstances, and, moreover, each facing "the right honorable gentleman opposite."

Grains of Gold.

Nothing pays less than wearing a long face.

He is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

Love will always do its best to bless and help.

Proud looks lose hearts, but courteous words win them.

Trifles make perfection; but perfection itself is no trifle.

He that knows how to speak knows also when to be silent.

When we are grateful for our blessings, our trials look small.

The man who minds his own business will not soon run out of work.

Every well directed, patient effort of man brings its own positive reward.

Selfish people do unto others as they would not have others do unto them.

The righteousness that takes people to heaven, is not the kind that goes around bragging on itself.

We are always much better pleased to see those whom we have obliged than those who have obliged us.

There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

A wise man never tells a liar that he lies, for it would be a waste of strength to repeat what both know.

Where reform begins in self-denial of vices, it is safe to believe that one person at least will be reformed.

Lying is the outward evidence of dishonesty. It is the dial that shows the working of the machinery within.

Femininities.

"Is your girl skilful at poker?" "No; but you ought to see her with a pair of curling tongs."

A homely woman has never been convinced that there is such a thing as a perfect looking glass.

"How many languages can your wife speak?" "Three—French, German and the one she talks to the baby."

A female bicyclist, attired in bloomers, was attacked by a flock of geese at Port Jervis, N. Y., recently, and was thrown off her wheel.

Belle: "What an absurd man Mr. Snooks is! He told me he hoped I never giggled." Bessie: "And what did you say?" Belle: "I giggled."

A widower compares marriage to a besieged fortress. Those who are outside would like to be within, those who are inside would like to be without.

Queen Victoria has such a deep rooted objection to the smell of a cigarette or cigar that smoking is strictly forbidden at Windsor Castle, at Balmoral and at Osborne.

Some politicians are born rich, some acquire riches and others have riches thrust upon them. But when it comes to doing a job, they all have to be pretty well fixed.

Mrs. Henry Ruttle, of Carsonville, Mich., was attacked and slightly gored by a savage bull. She caught the animal by the nose ring, and managed to hold on until help came.

She, coldly: "I hardly know how to receive your proposal. You know I am worth a million, of course." He, diplomatically: "Yes—worth a million other girls." She, rapturously: "Oh, Jack!"

Sir Robert Walpole, who used to say that every man has his price, once added—"I never knew but one woman whom I could not bribe with money. It was Lady S——, and she took diamonds."

Mrs. Muzzler, on a visit: "I trust, my daughter, that you make your husband happy?" The daughter, bride of one year: "Oh, yes, mamma! Whenever we quarrel, I get him to give in and make up."

Miss Celina Gray, of Oklahoma, has recently been appointed United States Commissioner for the Third Judicial district of Oklahoma. This is the first appointment of the kind of a woman in the Union.

Miss Marion S. Parker, the first woman to graduate from the engineering department of Michigan University, has entered the office of the resident engineers and architects of the Astor estate in New York city.

A daughter is almost always right when she endeavors to imitate her mother; but we do not think the mother is equally right when, at a certain period of life, she tries all she can to imitate her daughter.

"Don't you think Miss Tawkins has speaking eyes?" he said. "I don't know, I'm sure," replied the young woman. "If she had, there isn't any possibility that her mouth would ever give them a chance to be heard."

Husband, breathlessly: "I am to start on a trip in two hours, and you can go with me if you can get ready." Wife: "Certainly I can. It won't take me more than ten minutes to pack; and that will leave me one hour and fifty minutes to dress."

Mrs. Latechurch: "John, is — " Mr. Latechurch: "Yes. No. Yes." Mrs. Latechurch: "Mercy! What do you mean?" Mr. Latechurch, rapidly: "That your dress looks all right, that it don't dip up in the back, and that your hat is on straight. Come on!"

"It is in the hour of danger that woman thinks least of herself." So says Madame de Stael, and truly. When the thunder roars and the lightning flashes and the big drops come down, the woman, surprised by the storm, devotes her agony to the thought that her bonnet and jacket will be ruined.

A Danbury couple have a nice little daughter of some five summers. A lady visitor lately observed to the mother, "What a pretty child you have! She must be a great comfort to you." "She is indeed," said the fond mother. "When I'm mad at John, I don't have to speak to him. She calls him to his meals, and tells him to get the coal, and other things that I want. She's real handy."

German women are the most domesticated in the world. But the flood of feminine advancement has at last reached Berlin. A club for ladies has been opened in the Konigratzer strasse in that city under the name of the "Victoria Club." It is the first institution of the kind and will supply a very urgent need, as in Berlin it is not considered correct for ladies to go to refreshment rooms alone as they may in London. At this new club they may see the papers, write letters and have meals at a very reasonable price.

The voice of the average woman about us is not pleasant; it is not round and flutelike. A harsh, strident quality is taking the place of the low, soft, rich quality which belongs to them, and which all might have if they sought it. One reason is the lack of proper training as girls grow up, and another is the odd habit many have of talking each other down, not waiting for the completion of sentences, but piling up unfinished sentences, and not uncommonly disputing a point as to what is to be said.

Masculinities.

The man who knows you well may forget all about you when you are ill.

An officer in the Paris army has invented a new bullet which is shaped like a goose quill.

A Japanese bride's playthings are burned on her wedding day, typifying the end of her childhood.

By his own confessions, Henry G. Clark, aged 17, of Chelsea, Mass., has started fires that caused $50,000 loss.

When you show some men a favor, instead of appreciating it, they flatter themselves that they have worked you.

Three pounds is the average weight of an ostrich egg, and its contents are equal to those of about twenty-four hens' eggs.

Through a mistake in a cipher telegram 25 English chorus girls had a fine voyage to Rio Janeiro instead of the United States.

It is considered that Japanese men are amongst the best needleworkers in the world, their only equals being the women of Russia.

It's said that the richest woman in the world intends to settle in New York. It ought to be equally easy for her to settle wherever she goes.

During the 30 years Ainsworth R. Spofford has been Librarian of Congress the number of books in his charge has increased from 70 000 to 760 000.

An optimist is a man who likes to think about his successes. A pessimist dwells on his failures. It's a question which is the worse for another fellow to talk to.

A conspicuous example of a self-made man is John A. King, of Chicago. In his boyhood he was a path driver on the Erie canal. To day he is President of the Fort Dearborn National Bank and one of the wealthiest men in Chicago.

Von Gaberecht, an eminent German pencil maker, now dead, has over his grave a gigantic stone representation of half a lead-pencil set as a tombstone. It is of red sandstone, with the core of graphite eight inches in diameter.

Mistress: "Why did you leave your last place?" Domestic: "Th' missus had no tact, mum." Mistress: "Ah, I see. That is often the case." Domestic: "Yes, mum. She was always telling me to do things, 'stead of askin' me to."

Mrs. Hetty Green protests against paying taxes in New York on about $1,543,000, money loaned by her on mortgages, but the tax department cruelly closes its ears to her appeals. She says her legal residence is in Vermont, where she pays taxes on a $2,500 valuation.

A strange thing has happened in Louisville. A month ago, according to a veracious chronicler, every other man on the street carried a walking-stick. But now the fashion has suddenly changed and few have them. The best-dressed men are seen abroad without them.

Scadds: "I wish you to understand once for all, young man, that if my daughter marries you, I shall will all my property to charity." Friend: "I am very glad that you have made just that point, sir, for I assure you that under such conditions we will soon be most deserving."

A telegram from Rye Beach announces with a flourish as if it were new to him, surprising, that "Girls Beat Married Men." Girls have been beating all kinds of men from the beginning, and the first man beaten was a married man. They'll go on doing so, too, "world without end."

The French Courts do not grasp the idea of pecuniary damages for a breach of promise of marriage. Recently a young woman was sued for the recovery of $250 expenses incurred under promise of marriage, had her case dismissed because she also claimed $150 damages for the broken engagement.

Blondin is, in his old age, a sturdy, thickset man. His habits have always been abstemious, and he is well preserved at 72. Blondin has walked thousands of miles on the rope, but has never made another trip so daring as that across Niagara Falls, and he has never exceeded the fame he made by that perilous journey.

Signor Ausaldi, a student, blind from birth, graduated recently with high honor from the Florence Instituto de studi Superiori, the school for post-graduate university work. His thesis on "Compensations in the Senses of the Blind" was declared by the examiners to be an important contribution of new material to physiological psychology.

A Wall street man, now dead, was the subject of the conversation. Two of the bankers present had known him very well. After a number of stories, illustrating his keenness and shrewdness, had been told, one said: "The man has been maligned very often. He was as honest as any man who ever came into the street." There was dead silence, and the listeners looked surprised. "Yes," added the speaker, "he was. Only," and he paused here to lend emphasis to his assertion, "for fear that others might cheat him, he could

(Concluded on page 14.)

Latest Fashion Phases.

One of the newest ideas is a slashed blouse worn over another blouse of a lighter fabric and a different color. These slashings are all from the waist upwards, so that the front of the blouse forms a series of points at the waist, caught in by the belt. As a rule these slashed openings are trimmed round with a little narrow sequin trimming or passementerie, and the chiffon or lace of the under blouse puffs out through the openings.

A very neat blouse is of shot green and mauve striped silk. The fronts are pleated at the shoulder seam, the fullness being drawn down under the belt without drooping. The back has a wide box pleat down the centre. In the front of the blouse is a pleat of black satin, reaching from the collar band to the waist, on each side of which, at the neck, bust and waist, are two loops of black satin ribbon, the pleat being garnished opposite the loops by two antique silver buttons. The collar and belt are of the ribbon. Bands of black satin encircle the very full sleeves below the elbow, forming deep frills.

Another blouse is of plain pink barege, with full crossed fronts, the back fitting plainly at the shoulders, with a little fullness at the waist. The very full sleeves of flowered China silk, with the lower manches snugly fitted, are finished plainly at the hand. The armlets, frilled basque and epaulettes are of cream embroidery. The neck is finished by a band of ribbon, with a large bow at the back.

Taffetas, silk muslin or batiste blouses are very effectively trimmed with ribbon festoons and choux. A festoon forms a bretelle over the shoulders, and another describes a similar diagonal line from the sleeves to the bodice.

Some elegant and durable bodices which may be worn by middle-aged ladies, are made of plaid silk, with immense sleeves of black gauze, or else of the gauze with sleeves of plaid silk. Some plain and fancy silk bodices are also very becoming to middle aged ladies, such for instance as a corsage of geranium silk with very full sleeves, which is worn with a gray skirt, and toned down with a semi transparent cape of thick lace, and accompanied by a bonnet trimmed with many roses in various shades of pink and red.

Serge is very much in vogue, especially in white and in the beautiful, becoming shade known as linen blue. Very much in favor are Scotch plaids, and fancied plaids striped with satin threads in blue, green, mauve, on white or cream grounds. The latter are exceedingly pretty and stylish made up as godet skirts and blouses with fitted lining. Plaid is also used as a trimming as well as a dress material, many crepon gowns being trimmed with plaid. There are diagonal woolens of every description, more or less soft and fine. "Smooth suitings" and alpacas in all colors are among the favorite materials.

An effective model of light heliotrope has a moderate skirt, falling in natural pleats, with a well defined tablier, and fitting closely at the hips. The stylish bodice, neatly fitted, and belted at the waist with white moire, has fluted basques and a white moire yoke, ending in two tabs outlining the open parts, which button on to a plain plastron.

Lovely effects are obtained by mounting white crepele muslin on yellow satin. Pale green is mounted on pink or mauve, pale primrose on green or brown. These dressy gowns after serving for casino toilettes or stylish garden and party gowns may be worn later on for a home dinner gown.

The present object of Lyons manufacturers in silk is shooting several shades together to produce new effects when blended; the blending of red, green and blue shades produces a beautiful effect, resembling the opal. These new shot silks make stylish sleeves for chine silk gowns.

One of the novelties to be seen just now in Paris is the armor bodice, made entirely of sequins, and for which there is likely to be an immense demand.

Plain and colored woolens are in demand, and plain materials will be worked with narrow rows of beads and tinsel threads and scrolls of braid in continuous lines.

One of the newest autumn gowns is of nut brown cloth. The skirt is quite full and plain. The bodice has a wide box pleat of light petunia velvet down the front, and another at right angles, forming a yoke. A band of passamentrie extends down the centre of the velvet, while on either side, descending from the yoke to the waist, is some broad brown ribbon, narrowing toward the waist and continued around the waist.

A very ravissante gown is fashioned of admirable blue serge. The skirt was cut en cloche, being void of trimming. The double breasted coat was piped with white cloth, outlining the collar revers and cuffs, and fastened by large white ivory buttons, inlaid; a blouse of bright canary yellow silk and a hat of Tuscan straw of rather a large shape, trimmed with bows of pervenche shaded ribbons and clusters of the pervanche flowers, complete this toilette.

A charming gown is of green cloth, with a chine brocade bodice in cream, with green and red flowers. The sailor collar of dark green tulle was edged with insertion and frills of white Valenciennes, and bretelles of the green tulle and lace crossed the bodice. The sleeves were large gigots, trimmed with Valenciennes. The full skirt was gathered into the waistband.

The beefeater shaped hat was of green fancy straw, trimmed with hydrangeas, chine ribbon and quills.

Brocades and chine silks, with their misty clusters of colored flowers, are favorite fabrics for dinner gowns.

Printed striped velvet is new and very rich, the coloring, like that of illuminated glass, being in the ground of heavy peau de soi, as well as in the velvet stripes. The glace miroir velvet and the shot velvets, so much in vogue last winter, will be brought out in new colors.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

In making beef tea carefully prepare two pounds of lean gravy beef by removing all fat, sinew or skin, and cut into pieces the size of a hickory nut. Add three pints of water, and when all come to a boil, skim and place on the side of the stove to simmer for an hour; then strain through a fine napkin, that none of the fibres may remain.

Chicken cutlets are exceedingly nice. Have a generous pint of cooked chicken cut up fine and well salted. Put one cup of milk on the stove in a saucepan. Beat together three tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour until creamy, and when the milk begins to boil stir this mixture into it and stir constantly until it boils again. Add the chicken, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one of lemon juice, and cayenne pepper to suit the taste. Cook for three minutes and add two beaten eggs. Take the pan from the fire at once and pour the mixture on a shallow dish and put away until cold. Butter a cutlet mould and cover with bread crumbs. Pack with cold chicken and turn out on a dish sprinkled with crumbs. When all the chicken has been moulded dip the cutlets in beaten egg and then in crumbs and cook in boiling lard about three minutes. Drain on brown paper and serve with cream or tomato sauce.

To make cream fricassee for sweetbreads, thoroughly wash and remove all the membrane from three sweetbreads. Soak them for an hour in cold water in which a half teaspoonful of salt has been dissolved. Throw them into boiling water for a few minutes, and then cool five minutes in ice water to make them white and firm. Put them in a saucepan, with a large cup of veal stock, and season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Cover and cook over a moderate fire half an hour. Place in a double boiler one cup of cream, and when at boiling heat add three beated eggs. Take from the fire at once and stir a few moments. When the sweetbreads are cooked remove the cover, add the cream mixture and cook a moment. Turn into a hot dish and sprinkle a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley over the whole.

For boiled sweetbreads: Parboil and blanch by putting them first into hot water and boiling for ten minutes, and then throwing them into salted ice water and letting them remain in it another ten minutes. Wipe with a towel perfectly dry, and cut each in halves, lengthwise, using a silver knife. Spread butter over them and sprinkle with flour. Broil on a fine wire gridiron over a hot fire, turning often. Have them done to a light brown and place on pieces of buttered toast. Season with salt, pepper and butter. Serve very hot. Tomato or cream Bechamel sauce is a great addition to them.

To remove fresh fruit stains, stretch the stained portion of the goods over a basin and pour boiling water through it until the mark disappears. To remove old fruit stains, wash the stained portion of the goods in oxalic acid until clear. Rinse thoroughly in clear rain water, wet with ammonia, rinse again and dry. Grass stains shou'd be rubbed in either molasses or alcohol until they disappear, and should then be washed as usual.

Ink stains should be soaked in lemon juice, covered with salt, and bleached in the sun. If they are on colored material they should be treated with oxalic acid in the same way as old fruit stains. A mixture of one third of powdered alum to two-thirds of tartar is also good for obstinate ink stains and others. Ink stains on carpets are removed most easily with lemon juice or oxalic acid.

Wagon grease, tar or pitch stains should be rubbed well with lard and then washed in the usual way. Colors which have faded under the influence of acid may be restored by treating them with ammonia and chloroform. Colors changed by alkalies may be restored by acid treatment.

To Clean Furniture.—An old cabinet maker says the best preparation for cleaning picture frames and restoring furniture, especially that somewhat marred or scratched, is a mixture of three parts linseed oil and one part spirits of turpentine. It not only covers the disfigured surface, but restores wood to its natural color, and leaves a lustre upon its surface. Put on with a woolen cloth, and when dry, rub with woolen.

Bruises on Furniture.—Wet the part in warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak in the warm water, and lay it on the place; apply on that a warm, but not hot, flat iron till the moisture is evaporated. If the bruise be not gone repeat the process. After two or three applications the dent will be raised to the surface. If the bruise be small, merely soak it with warm water, and hold a red-hot iron near the surface keeping the surface continually wet—the bruise will soon disappear.

Excellent Hair Wash.—Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor, powder these ingredients very fine and dissolve them in one quart boiling water; when cool the solution will be ready for use; damp the hair frequently. This wash effectually cleanses, beautifies and strengthens the hair, preserves the color and prevents every baldness. The camphor will form into lumps after being dissolved, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

Chilblains, Sprains, etc.—One raw egg, well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce spirits of turpentine, a quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine, a quarter of an ounce of camphor. These ingredients to be beaten well together, then put in a bottle and shaken for ten minutes, after which to be corked down tightly to exclude the air. In half an hour it is fit for use. To be well rubbed in, two, three or four times a day. For rheumatism, in the head, to be rubbed at the back of the neck and behind the ears. In chilblains, this remedy is to be used before they are broken.

Legal Brevities.—A note dated on Sunday is void. A note obtained by fraud, or from one intoxicated, is void. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker, he must pay it. An endorser of a note is exempt from liability, if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non payment. A note by a minor is void. Notes bear interest only when so stated. Principals are responsible for their agents. Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm. Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. It is illegal to compound a felony. The law compels no man to do impossibilities. An agreement without a consideration is void. Signatures in lead pencil are good in law. A receipt for money is not legally conclusive. The acts of one partner bind all the others. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract with a minor is void. A contract made with a lunatic is void. Written contracts concerning land must be under seal.

House Painting.—Painting, apply as quick as the paint will spread easily, rubbing out well with the brush. Use litharge as a dryer. After sand-papering and dusting, putty up all the nail heads and cracks with a putty-knife. Outside second coat. Mix your paint with raw oil, using it as thick as possible consistent with easy spreading. After it is applied, cross-smooth the work until it is level and even, then finish lengthwise with long, light sweeps of the brush. Outside third coat—make a little thinner than the last, rub out well, cross smooth and finish very lightly with the tip of the brush. Inside second coat. Mix your paint as thick as you can work it, using equal parts of raw oil and and turpentine, rub this out well and carefully with the brush, cross-smooth and finish even and nice. Inside third coat—Mix with three part turpentine and one part of raw oil, rub out well and smooth off with great care. Fourth coat, flatting—Mix with turpentine alone thin enough to admit of spreading before it sets. Apply quickly without cross-smoothing, and finish lengthwise with light touches of the tip of the brush, losing no time, as it sets rapidly. Drawn flatting—Ground white lead is mixed with turpentine almost as thin as the last-named mixture. The lead will soon settle and the oil and turpentine rise to the top, pour it off, and repeat the mixture until what rises to the top is clear turpentine. The oil being all withdrawn by this process, the lead is mixed with turpentine, and applied thickly and evenly with great care. This is used on a fourth coat, and the room must be kept shut and free from draught, as the color sets as fast as it is put on. Plastered walls—Give them a coat of glue size before painting in oil. Killing smoky walls or ceilings—Wash over the smoky or greasy walls with nitre soda or thin lime whitewash; the last is the best.

Plum Cake Without Eggs.—One pound of flour, half pound of currants, half pound of sultana raisins, a breakfast-cupful of soft sugar, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, a teaspoonful of mixed spice, a large teaspoonful of egg powder, one ounce of candied peel cut thin, quarter pound of butter, a tumblerful of buttermilk (sour milk will do), one large teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Melt the butter in a good sized saucepan, mix the egg powder and the spice well into the dry flour, then add the fruit and sugar; put the soda into a tea-cup and, when the butter is melted, put the tumbler of buttermilk into it, fill up the tea cup with boiling water, and quickly add it to the butter and buttermilk. Stir for a minute off the fire, when it will effervesce in the pan, and at once pour it upon the flour, etc., in the bain. Mix well, and without delay pour it into a mould lined with buttered paper, and bake for an hour and a half, or rather longer. The mixture should be of the consistency of a milky bread-pudding. Do not fill the mould, as the cake rises considerably. A large cake (double the above quantities) if properly mixed and baked, will keep moist and good for a fortnight. Pure Australian marrow is quite as good as butter.

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck. No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do be, know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

ABOUT HYPNOTISM.

IN THE opinion of some the power of the hypnotizer must be one of the most dangerous things on the face of the earth. But is it so great, or may not the fear of it be unduly exaggerated? The learned writer, almost immediately after publishing the words quoted, was struck with the difficulty, which seems to amount to an impossibility, of obtaining from a hypnotized subject an absolute abnegation of will-power, whilst at the same time allowing him the necessary free-will to cope with any unforeseen accidents which may occur in the completion of the orders he is to carry out.

As the result of further study and experiment M. Delbœuf has come to the conclusion that a villain who is contemplating the perpetration of a crime will not easily find an accomplice in a (hypnotized) subject of good moral standing, and that in any case such an accomplice would not only be inapt but compromising.

Here, however, is an experiment which seems to afford contrary evidence. It occurred at Nancy last year, in the hospital there, and was witnessed by some five or six Belgian professors and physiologists. One of the patients, a big, strong man, was thrown into a magnetic sleep, and ordered that when he awoke he was to go and steal an orange from the bed of another patient in the ward. He was told what he was about to do was wrong, and might be punished, but that, nevertheless, he must do it. He was waked, and arose with the appearance of one who had something on his mind, and, when questioned, said he had something to do, but would not tell what it was.

Presently he walked over to the bed of the other patient—a "mate" of his own, who had heard what had been ordered, and who stoutly expressed the belief that his friend would not steal from him—and when he thought he was not being watched, seized the orange and slipped it into his pocket.

This would seem a case of criminal suggestion promptly acted upon by an innocent subject. But when the man was, a little later, charged with theft, he first denied it, and then justified it on the plea (which satisfies a good many consciences) that the man to whom the orange belonged had not seen it taken and would not miss it, and that "it's not stealing when it isn't missed."

Subsequently it was discovered that this same "subject" was in the habit of abstracting a little tobacco from his companions on the same principle. In short, he had latent tendencies to theft, and was, therefore, an apt subject for criminal suggestion.

Here is a curious instance recorded in the "Revue Philosoque" of 1886, of an experiment in a college class:

"B. is in the hypnotic sleep. We wish to give him some peculiar order which he shall execute, after he is awake, at a special signal. The signal is to be a knock given by the Professor on the desk; the action, to carry a glass of water to the student E. He does not know any of the fifteen students present, nor has he yet heard their names. The pupils take their places without any special order, some standing, some sitting. B. is awakened, we chat a little, I give the signal, B. rises, fills a glass, and without the slightest sign of hesitation, carries it to the student before mentioned, who was sitting on one of the back benches beside a fellow-student. We looked at each other with stupification. The intention of the experiment had been to see how he would obey an obscure command. . . . I again throw him into the sleep, and I command him to carry a glass of water to the student Gerard. We are all standing, awaiting with impatience what will take place. B. fills the glass, and this time sends a questioning look over all the spectators, presents the glass first to one then to another; and, finally, I had to point out the student Gerard, to whom he brought the water and made him drink it. I again put him to sleep and asked him to whom he carried the first glass of water? 'To E.' 'Did you know him?' 'No.' 'How did you recognize him?' 'By his attitude; he looked as if he want d to hide away.'"

What does this prove? Not the abnegation of free-will, but rather the sharpening of the faculties by hypnotism. B. knew that he had to do something, and was quick-minded enough to take his cue from his surroundings. Now, keeping in mind this experiment and its explanation, look at one recorded by Professor Liegeois, who is a strong upholder of the "absolute automatism" of the hypnotic subject:

"I offered N. a white powder, of the nature of which he is ignorant. I said to him, 'Pay great attention to what I am going to tell you. This paper contains arsenic. You will go presently to such a street to your Aunt M.—who is here now. You take a glass of water, carefully dissolve the arsenic in it, and then you will offer it to your aunt.' 'Yes, sir.' That evening I received the following note from Madame M.: 'Madame M. begs leave to inform M. Liegeois that the experiment succeeded perfectly. Her nephew offered her the poison.' The criminal remembered nothing about it, and it was very difficult to persuade him that he had indeed wished to poison an aunt for whom he had a deep affection. The automatism had been complete."

Very difficult, indeed, one would imagine; but had the automatism been complete? The subject knew that his aunt was in the room when he was ordered to poison her, and that she heard every word of the order. When he woke up he knew he had to do something; but did he not also know that what he had to do was only an experiment, and that he could not seriously be expected to poison an aunt who was a party to the experiment? As M. Delbœuf pertinently remarks of similar experiments, a hypnotic subject is not an idiot—quite the reverse.

Now let us take two instances which seem dissimilar in result.

Dr. Liebault, a famous specialist, tells of the case of a workman whom he hypnotized and told to steal a couple of plaster figures from the mantelpiece of a house in which he was engaged on some job. This was direct criminal suggestion, which was at once acted on by the man. The incident was forgotten; but some three months later this same workman was arrested for the theft of a pair of trousers from a shop. Like the Nancy Hospital patient, Dr. Liebault's subject was naturally disposed to pilfering, and evidently did not need to be hypnotized to entertain criminal suggestions.

The other case is related by Professor Delbœuf of an experiment in his own family with a woman—referred to as "J."—who had been proved to be an excellent somnambulist, and who is referred to in several of Delbœuf's writings in connection with other experiments.

The story concerns a six-barrelled revolver, which, in the Professor's remote residence, was always kept loaded at a time when the country was in a disturbed state owing to strikes. The Professor happened to be from home, and one night the house was attacked. J. seized the revolver, knowing it to be loaded, and went to face the burglar, who fled.

Thereafter J. slept with the loaded revolver beside her bed in a room on the ground floor, being a woman of resolution and courage. The incident suggested an experiment to the Professor on his return, which had better be told in his own words:

"The 24th February, 1883, without communicating my intentions to anybody except my daughter, and that only at the very moment of beginning the experiment, I discharged the revolver. It was six o'clock in the evening. A young lady—herself an hypnotic subject—and my daughter were seated at a table cutting out articles from a newspaper, which they afterwards tied up in bundles. I called J., and at the moment she opened the door I hypnotized her by a motion. I said to her in an agitated voice: 'Here are some thieves who are carrying off papers.'

"J. came quickly forward and, turning towards me, said: 'No, sir; they are playing with them—why, sure enough, they are taking them!' Then she walked resolutely up to them and took the papers out of their hands, put them on the table in front of her, and in an imperious tone said: 'Don't you touch them any more.'

"I said: 'You are never going to let those knaves remain in the house? Run and fetch the revolver.'

"J. ran without hesitation. She returned holding the weapon in her hand, and stood on the threshold.

"'Fire!' I cried.

"'Sir, we must not kill them.'

"'Thieves? Why, certainly!'

"'No, sir! I will not kill them.'

"'You must.'

"'I won't do it'; and she walked backwards, still holding the revolver, I following her and energetically reiterating my command.

"'I won't, I won't do it. I will not murder.' She then placed the revolver on the floor, but cautiously. She continued to go backwards, I meanwhile insisting and following her. 'I will not do it.'

"Having come to a dead stand in the corner of the room she repulsed me violently, and I thought it prudent to awaken her, upon which she came to herself, smiling in her usual pleasant manner. She remembered, however, nothing whatever, although at the sight of the revolver lying on the floor she seemed to have a kind of vague recollection. She did not seem at all discomposed in manner. If this scene had taken place in a dream she would certainly have exhibited more excitement."

Here, then, we have a well-known hypnotic, supposed to be thoroughly under the influence of a master who could hypnotise her at any moment, but who refused to surrender her moral sense to the mesmeric influence. Unlike the two pilferers, she had no natural tendency to crime, and she shrank from crime even when otherwise ready to do all she was told.

What, then, is to be inferred? Probably, that J. was not the victim of a hallucination at all, but a sort of conscious unconscious actor in a play. Doubtless she recognized the two young ladies, and then, in obedience to the word of command, regarded them as robbers for the purposes of the play.

In all this she would be sincere enough, and acting with a double consciousness only partly awakened. But when it came to the revolver, which she believed to be loaded, and to discharge which she knew—or thought—would be murder, then her moral nature asserted itself, and she was enabled to exercise her own free-will, even when otherwise acting as a puppet or automaton.

The whole subject is very curious, and this is an interesting illustration of one of its phases. The more we consider the matter the more we are convinced that hypnotised subjects are more or less conscious players in a part which they feel themselves compelled to play, knowing all the time it is only acting, even although when awakened they may be unable to recall their sensations and explain their movements.

Delbœuf now takes this view, and points to another illustration. If you extend the arm of a hypnotic and defy him to put it down, he seems to make an effort to lower it, but he makes no real effort. In fact, he does not bring his muscles into play at all; but if the spectators try to force him to change the position of his arm, he opposes all his muscular resistance. Why? Because he knows that a certain thing is required of him by the person under whose influence he is for the time being.

Any one who has witnessed public exhibitions of mesmerism must be prepared to admit that hypnotic subjects may perfectly well realise that they are the subjects of experiments. Some are more facile than others, and will submit out of amiability or moral weakness to being put to all sorts of ridiculous uses for the amusement of the audience, while others will rebel when their finer feelings are aroused. Such cases go to prove that at least a number of hypnotics retain a certain amount of independence. Why should we suppose this is not true of all?

We cannot explain the psychological problem; we can only state its probable conditions; and these are certainly both more reasonable and more agreeable than the theory of absolute automatism. Delbœuf's theory now is that "persons in hypnosis will only execute acts similar to those they would naturally perform in dreams."

What do we all do in dreams? Pretty much what we do in waking life. The present writer, whose profession is journalism, constantly finds himself in dreams composing leading articles, and then tabulating masses of statistics, with which he has occasionally to deal.

He has dreamed a whole three-volumed novel, and he has been conscious of laying down page after page of the most methodical (and doubtless the most wooden) of blank verse, not a line of which could he recall on waking. But he has never dreamed a sermon, nor a brief, nor a mathematical problem, nor a play, nor an essay on Greek verbs, nor a treatise on the integral calculus—doubtless because these are subjects which he would never think of attempting in waking life.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address

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MARRIAGE IN SERVIA.—The fathers of two houses concerned meet and settle the matter together, exchanging presents, which sometimes are of considerable value. Thus, by a sort of purchase, is as useful a member of a household as a grown-up maiden surrendered by one to another. The brother of the bride delivers her to the solemn procession which comes to conduct her to her new abode; and there she is received by the sestee, a sister in-law of the bridegroom. She dressed as a child, touches with a distaff the walls which are so often to see her occupied with this implement, and carries bread, wine, and water up to the table which it will become her daily duty to prepare. With these symbolical ceremonies she enters into the new community. Her mouth is sealed by a piece of sugar, to denote that she should utter little, and only what is good. As yet she is only a stranger, and for a whole year she is termed the "betrothed." By an assumption of continued bashfulness, prescribed by custom, she keeps apart even from her husband. In the presence of others she scarcely converses with him, much less would a playmate phrase be permitted from her lips. It is only when years have passed, and she has become the mother of grown-up children, that she in reality finds herself on an equality with the other members of the household.

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A lone and lucky fisherman
The actor never solaces;
For when he plays, the chances are
That he may lose his lines.

Grate blessings—Early fires.

Poor relations—Ineffective stories.

Ladies in waiting—Middle-aged spinsters.

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Illustration—A small boy sitting down on a hot coal.

The cheapest of lawyers—Keeping one's own counsel.

Why is a palm tree like a chronology?—Because it furnishes dates.

Why is the letter "G" like the sun?—Because it is the centre of light.

Critic: "I tell you what it is, Mr. McDaub, these cuticles are something superb. You shouldn't paint anything but backs."

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot."

Doctor: What you want is bicycle exercise.

Patient: But I can't ride.

Doctor: Oh, you don't have to ride. Just dodge 'em.

Oregon packer: What is the horse good for?

Dealer: Well, to be honest with ye, he's a little bony for mountain trout and not quite tough enough for corned beef, but he'd can up like a dalsy for spring chicken.

An officer in the army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

The summer girl: Oh, I love to hear you read your poems. It makes me realize how brave you are.

Poet Brave?

Girl: Yes, brave; you said you took them yourself to the publishers.

"Francis, is your master at home?"

"No, sir."

"When will he return?"

"He gimme orders to say that he wasn't at home, but he didn't gimme no orders about when I was to say he would be home."

"I have here," said the agent, "a noiseless meat tenderer. No more pounding in the morning and waking the family——" "Don't want it," said Mrs. Hasheroft. "If I didn't get the boarders started by pounding the steak there wouldn't be any of them up at all."

A Cincinnati man found a rough-looking individual in his cellar.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"The gasman, come to take the meter," was the reply.

"Goodness gracious!" cried the householder. "I hoped you were only a burglar!"

"How has Bluffton been doing?" asked the man who had been away from his native community for some time.

"Well, he has made a great deal of money——"

"Getting along well, is he?"

"Well, he seemed to get along first-rate till he tried to pass some of it."

The father of the twin babies had been left temporarily in charge of them. At the end of half an hour he weakened.

"Angeline," he called out to his wife, in a voice of agonizing protest, "you'll have to come and take one of these boys! No man can serve two masters!"

Hogan: Oi have a joke on Houghtghan. Tuey was a felly kem into his place an' took three drinks in rapid succession av his whisky, an' thin pulled a gun an' shot himself. Grogan: Oi tink the joke is on the man. Fwat for did he go to the trouble av usin' a gun afther three drinks av Houghtghan's whisky?

"Why," asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, "why do you keep on digging when the boss ain't round?"

"Because I really like the job," said the new farm hand.

"Got a real likin' fer work?"

"Sure."

"You'd better take treatment."

Curran said to Father O'Leary, the witless priest of his day, "I wish you were St. Peter."

"Why?" asked O'Leary.

"Because," said Curran, "you would have the keys of heaven, and could let me in."

"It would be better for you," said O'Leary, "that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

"When I was in India," said the man who had traveled, "the native thieves stole the sheets from under me while I slept, and I never knew it."

"Yes," said the man who was in the Northwest during the boom, "and when I was in the Northwest during that boom I never knew anybody who knew it was cold."

A GREAT COMPOSER'S RUSE.—A characteristic anecdote of Sophr is given apropos to the great Congress at Erfurt in 1808. Napoleon, then at the zenith of his power, kept magnificent state in the German town, and entertained his royal allies and vassals as an Emperor should.

Among other things, he summoned Talma, Mars, and other luminaries of the French stage from Paris, upon which Sophr and three of his pupils started on foot for Erfurt in the hope of somehow or other enjoying a great dramatic treat. But they found that the performances were only for the sovereigns and their suites, even the musicians being forbidden to introduce any one into the orchestra.

It then occurred to Sophr that he and his pupils might bribe some of the musicians to give up their instruments for a single evening, and two violins and a violoncello were thus transferred.

No other stringed instrument player being open to temptation, the bold idea occurred to Sophr of learning enough of a wind instrument in a single day for the required purpose, and the second hornist was willing to cede his place. Let Sophr tell the rest.

"I soon prevailed on him whose place I wished to take to yield his horn to me, and began my studies. At first I produced the most terrific tones; but, after about an hour, I succeeded in bringing out the natural tones of the instrument. After dinner, while my pupils walked, I recommenced my studies; and, although my lips pained me very much, I did not rest until I could play my horn part perfectly in the very easy overtures and entr' actes which were to be performed in the evening. Thus prepared, I and my pupils joined the other musicians, and, as each carried his instrument under his arm, we reached our places without opposition.

"We found the saloon already brilliantly lit up and filled with the numerous suite of the sovereigns. The seats for Napoleon and his guests were close behind the orchestra. . . . The orchestra, with their faces turned towards the stage, stood in a long row, and each was strictly forbidden to turn and look at the sovereigns. As I had received notice of this beforehand, I had provided myself secretly with a small looking-glass, by the help of which, as soon as the music was ended, I obtained a good view of those who directed the destinies of Europe.

"At every succeeding entr' acte the pain of my lips increased; and at the close they had become so swollen and blistered that in the evening I could scarcely eat any supper. Even the next day, on my return to Gotha, they had a very negro-like appearance, and my young wife was not a little alarmed when she saw me; but she was nettled when, jesting, I said that it was from kissing to excess the pretty Erfurt women. When however I had related to her the history of my studies on the horn, she laughed heartily at my expense."

SHARING HAPPINESS.—The essence of joy, as of all the great satisfactions of life, is in sharing it with others. The very fact that the owner of a great picture finds satisfaction in feeling that it belongs to him alone, and that he can keep the whole world from his gold, is evidence that he does not understand, and has not entered into, the real possession of the art which he owns. The first fruit of real possession of any noble or beautiful thing is the desire to divide our possession with others.

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Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 11.30 a m, 12.50, 1.30, 2.35, 5.00, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sunday—4.10, 8.30, 9.30 a m, 12.30, 6.10, 8.25 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 4.55, 8.10, 9.10, 10.10, 11.14 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 2.38, 3.45, 6.12, 8.48 (dining car), 11.44 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.10, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 3.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 3.30, 5.00 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 2.00, 8.30, 9.00 a m, 1.00, (Saturday only, 1.32 p m), 2.00, 4.40, 5.30, 6.30, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 4.20, 8.51, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, daily does not connect for Easton.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m) 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42, 11.00 a m, 1.42, 4.45, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 1.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.33 a m, 6.04 p m.

For Reading Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.45, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, (Saturdays only, 2.32 p m), 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.45 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.15 a m, (Saturdays only 1.30), 2.00, 3.45, 4.00, 4.45, 5.00, 6.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. $1.00 Excursion for fri, 7.00 a m. Sundays—Express, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 4.45 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train 7.00 a m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City (depot) week-days, express, 7.30 (Mondays only, 6.45), 7.45, 8.15, 9.00, 10.30 a m, 3.15, 4.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.25, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.00 p m. Sunday—Express, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8, 9.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.45 a m, 5.00 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, from foot of Mississippi Ave., 6.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY, via South Jersey Railroad, Express, 9.15 a m (Saturdays only 1.00), 4.45, 5.15 p m. Sundays, 7.15, 9.15 a m.

Bridgeton, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner Broad and Chestnut streets, 833 Chestnut street, 268 Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3062 Mark't street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

Strange indeed that

A PLAIN THING

like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

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What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.